

JUNE.

1885.



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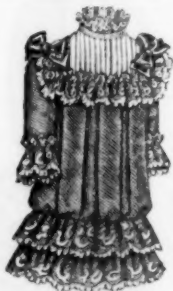


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# FASHIONS FOR JUNE, 1885:

Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. [Limited].



9786

Front View.



9786

Back View.

## CHILD'S COSTUME.

No. 9786.—This pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. For a child of 4 years, it needs  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 36 inches wide. Price of pattern, 15 cents.



## FIGURE NO. 1.—GIRLS' COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 1.—This illustrates Girls' costume No. 9769. It is here developed in cashmere, velvet and India muslin, with the sash-ties of ribbon; the fancy stitching being done with floss. The pattern is in 10 sizes for girls from 3 to 12 years of age, and may be chosen for any preferred fabrics. To make the costume of one material for a girl of 8 years, requires  $6\frac{1}{2}$  yards 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 48 inches wide. Price, 20 cents.

## LADIES' COAT.

No. 9814.—Cloth was used for making the coat here pictured, and braid in two varieties and braid-covered buttons provide the decoration. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and may be developed in flannel, Cheviot or any fashionable variety of seasonable coating. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, requires  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 48 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 54 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



9823

Front View.



9823

Back View.

## CHILD'S DRESS.

No. 9823.—This pattern is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age. For a child of 4 years, it needs  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of material 36 inches wide. Price of pattern, 15 cents.



9814

Front View.



9814

Back View.



9779

*Front View.*

9793

*Front View.*CHILD'S  
JACKET.

No. 9793.—

This pattern is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age. To make the jacket for a child of 4 years, will require  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard 27 inches wide.

If goods 48 inches wide be selected, 1 yard will prove sufficient for the purpose. Price of pattern, 15 cents.



9793

*Back View.*

9779

*Back View.*

**GIRLS' COSTUME.**  
No. 9779.—The pattern to this costume is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. To make the costume of one material and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of contrast of the one and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard of the other



9817

## CHILD'S DRESS.

No. 9817.—This pattern is in 7 sizes for children from 6 months to 6 years of age. Of plain goods and embroidered webbing for a child of 4 years, it needs  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of plain 36 inches wide, with  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of embroidered webbing 20 inches wide. Price, 15 cts.



9811

*Right Side-Front View.*LADIES' COS-  
TUME.

No. 9811.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and may be selected for the development of any preferred fabric. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, will need  $6\frac{1}{4}$  yards of plain material 22 inches wide, and  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of lace net 27 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



9811

*Left Side-Back View.*



**9780***Front View.***9780***Back View.***CHILD'S DRESS.**

No. 9780.—This pattern is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age. To make the garment for a child of 4 years, requires  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 15 cents.

**9796***Front View.***9796***Back View.***CHILD'S COSTUME.**

No. 9796.—This pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. To make the garment for a child of 4 years, requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, with 1 yard of contrasting goods 22 inches wide. Price of pattern, 15 cents.

**9797***Right Side-Front View.***9819****LADIES' COLLAR.**

No. 9819.—This pattern is in one size, and, for a collar like it, will require  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of material either 22 or 48 inches wide, together with the same amount of lining. Price of pattern, 10 cents.

**LADIES' COSTUME.**

No. 9797.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it needs  $13\frac{1}{2}$  yards 22 inches wide, or  $9\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.

**9797***Left Side-Back View.*



9782

*Side-Front View.*

**LADIES' WALKING SKIRT.**  
No. 9782.—Plain and figured bison some walking-skirt. The pattern is in waist measure. For a lady of me-plain material and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard of figured the one and  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of the other 48



9782

*Side-Back View*

**ING SKIRT.**  
cloth were employed for this hand-9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, dium size, it will require 9 yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards of inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



9821

*Side-Front View.***FIGURE NO. 2.—CHILD'S DRESS.**

**FIGURE NO. 2.**—This illustrates Child's dress No. 9817. It is here made of India muslin, and a knife-plaiting of the material is added to the lower edge. Above the plaiting are two ruffles of lace, and similar laces are disposed elsewhere, as pictured. The pattern is in 7 sizes for children from 6 months to 6 years of age. Any appropriate dress material, especially washable textures, may be made up in this way. For a child of 4 years, it will need  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard of goods 36 inches wide, with  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of embroidered webbing 20 inches wide. Price of pattern, 15 cents.



9821

*Side-Back View.***MISSES' WALKING SKIRT.**

**No. 9821.**—These engravings represent a stylish skirt for misses' wear made up in mode-colored serge, with brown Titan braid and a plaiting of the material for trimming. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and may be used for any dress goods at present in vogue. To make the garment for a miss of 13 years, will require  $9\frac{1}{4}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

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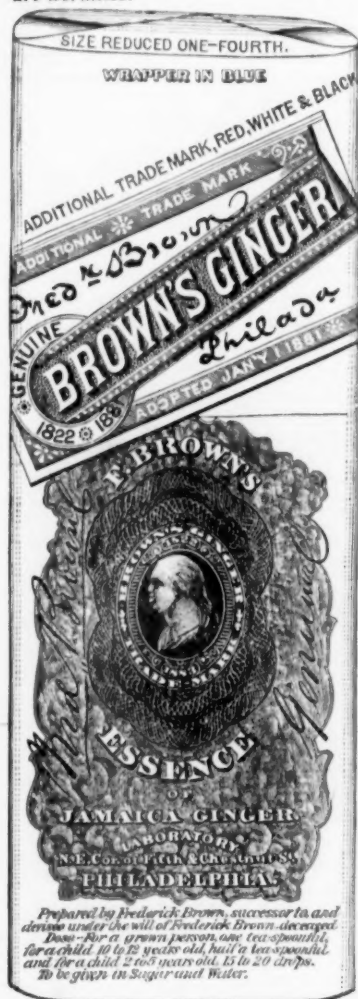
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**Vol. 53.**

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3. BLUEBEARD.—"Well, none of my other wives returned it like this. I will never doubt Fatima again."

Tableau.

## WHAT IS SAPOLIO?

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One cake will prove all we say. Be a clever little housekeeper, and try it.

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JUNE.—Page 532.



ARTHUR'S

HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. LIII.

JUNE, 1885.

NO. 6.

ROSES.

**R** OSES, rose all my song,  
Roses in a gorgeous feast,  
Roses in a royal throng,  
Surging, rising from the East!

Roses all the rosy way,  
Blown to the rooster west,  
Where the roses of the day  
Lying to night's unrosey breast.

Out of darkness light is born,  
Out of weakness make us strong  
For the day when every thorn  
Breaks into a rose of song.

GEORGE MACDONALD.



TUNEL—Page 335.





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GEORGE MACDONALD.

## JUNE.

WITH noble mien, and high-born, graceful step, comes June, loveliest mistress of the calendar, adorned, as befits so rare a dame, with matchless skill to serve her matchless beauty. The promise on her brow is that of fertility and strength, and as she comes she showers her floral gifts upon her dutiful subjects, none of which are refused; nor does she fail to reward to the full of merit the homage shown in their labors.

The Latin poet, *Ovid*, claims for the great mythological queen, Juno, the honor of giving name to this month, and though other claims have been made, the evident analogy is so great that lexicographers generally accept *Ovid's* claim as good.

Thirty days was the complement assigned to June by *Romulus*—the old Latin, or Alban, calendar having but twenty-six. A later Roman ruler deprived her of one day, but *Julius Cæsar* restored it, and since then her days have been undisturbed.

June was the month that the Romans considered the most propitious for marriages, especially the day upon which the full of the moon occurred or of the conjunction of sun and moon. This idea seems not to have wholly faded out in our time, as there are probably more matrimonial engagements made in June than in any other month.

Who has not thought what a delightful earth this would be if the year were made up of twelve such months as June?—the penetrating cold and dampness of spring behind; the heat of summer not yet come; the moaning winds of autumn still far away, and drear, dead winter buried with his leaves. But, as with man, the microcosm, so with the great world of the natural kingdom. Man, as befits his smaller world, has his alternate periods of activity and rest daily; Nature, with her mighty forces, consumes a year in her corresponding times. Summer is her high noon, Winter her hushed and solemn midnight. Spring bears her auroral promise of coming glories, Autumn is her gradually deepening twilight, and tells of her coming night.

June is pre-eminently the month of roses, and it is reserved for the queen of the year to place upon the now richly laden table of flowers the queen of them all—the one that seems to combine the gracefulness of form, the richness of color, and the delicious fragrance of the whole floral kingdom.

In the burdened loveliness of roses, what dainty

sweetness lies; their beauty and delicate odors conjure up in poetical creation many that memory had buried.

Think of *Herrick's Sappho*, and how the roses, always white, trying to rival her fair complexion, vanquished, blushed for shame, and never lost their crimson hue. *Shakespeare's Juliet* loved them tenderly, and as she leaned over the balcony, mused how "the rose by any other name would smell as sweet." *Milton* makes Eve in Eden stand half veiled in a cloud of fragrance, "so thick the blushing roses round about her blow." *Milton*, too, sings of "Celestial rosy red, Love's proper hue."

Think of the messages of love and mercy the roses have carried in all ages, and of their ministrations to-day among all classes of people. "Fair is the bride that the sun shines on," but his smiles cannot replace those of the roses. At ball or party, in church, at home, at the marriage feast, in the chamber of death, on the cradle, in the bier—when are they not appropriately beautiful, except they be used wantonly?

Roses were never so much cultivated as now, and the cunning of man, simulating the hand of nature, has so far trespassed on the domain of the latter that in mid-winter there are large greenhouses of our cities roses of the rarest kinds in full bloom, and so cultivated as to furnish supplies of choicest flowers throughout the entire period of snow and frost. Such artificial cultivation makes the use of the blooms a matter of great cost and to be indulged by the populace upon occasion only; but with the advent of our glorious month of roses, every one who loves the floral queen may receive her smiles if he or she has proved faith by works. Wishes don't any more make roses to grow than they set beggars on horseback. "He who would have beautiful roses in his garden must have beautiful roses in his heart; he must love them well and always. To win, he must woo as *Jacob wooed Laban's daughter*, though drought and frost consume. He must have not only the glowing admiration, the enthusiasm, and the passion, but the tenderness, the thoughtfulness, the reverence, the watchfulness of love, with no ephemeral caprice like the fair young knight's, who loves and who rides away when his sudden fire is gone from the cold, white ashes; the cavalier of the rose has *semper fidelis* upon his crest and shield. He is loyal and devoted ever, in storm-fraught or in sunny

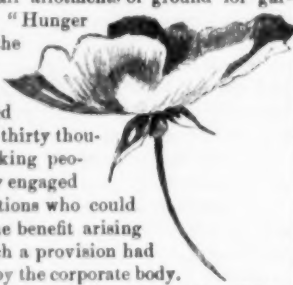


days; not only the first upon a summer's morning to gaze admiringly on glowing charms, but the first, when leaves fall and winds are chill, to protect against cruel frost. As with smitten bachelor or steadfast mate the lady of his love is lovely ever, so to the true rose-grower a thing of beauty be always when its flow-ers have faded, it may be worth less as a hedgerow thorn; to him, in every phase it is precious." Thus Canon Hole, in his *About Roses*, a book that every lover of the



Inexhaustible wealth is not a necessary condition to success in rose-culture, and one of the most interesting episodes in the book to which reference has just been made is that concerning the cause of the author's awakened interest in rose-culture in connection with an exhibition made by workingmen of Nottingham on a certain Easter Monday.

It appears that the municipality of the "lace" town makes small allotments of ground for gardens on the "Hunger Hills," outside the city, and several years ago it was estimated that as many as thirty thousand of the working people were actively engaged in garden operations who could not have had the benefit arising therefrom if such a provision had not been made by the corporate body. Great part of the work done is in the cultivation of the rose, and the tiny glass roofs of the flower-houses are dotted all about the hills. In them some of the choicest roses are grown, and it was at an exhibition of these in early spring that Canon Hole was asked to be a judge. The temptation to quote at length is very great, but the



limits of this article forbid it. The show was very beautiful, and after the awards had been made, the reverend gentleman went to the hills to inspect the glass-houses in which the roses had grown and to learn of their culture. "It was delightful to see how much was done in those pleasant plots. The straight standards, cleanly and closely pruned; the climbers tastefully trained, and there were, besides, some flower for every season.



'The daughters of the year,  
One after one, through that still garden pass,  
Each garlanded with her peculiar flower.'

Think what a refreshment for these workingmen on a summer's eve, 'to sit 'mong the roses and hear the birds sing' songs of praise and comfort and hope. A few of the houses were of fair dimensions, here a bricklayer and there a glazier had made his handicraft subserve his amusement, but the accommodation, as a rule, was meagre, and I could hardly believe that the roses we had just left could have come, like some village beauty out of her cottage-dwelling, from such mean and lowly homes. But there were the plants and there were the proprietors. How was it done? Said one of the men: 'It's more nor a mile from my house to my garden, but I've been here for weeks every morning before I went to my work and every evening when I came from it—and not seldom at noon, as well—here and back and my dinner to get, between twelve and one o'clock.' How do you afford to buy these new and expensive varieties? 'I'll tell



you how I managed to buy 'em—by keeping away from the beer-shops."

It is also related of the wife of a mechanic who, when asked as to the apparently scanty supply of blankets for parents and children, replied, "Yes, ma'am; we have another, but—" "But what?" said the lady. "It's not at home, ma'am." "Surely, it's not in pawn?" "Oh! dear no, ma'am! Tom just took it—" "Took it! took it where?" "Please, ma'am, he took it to keep the frost out of the green-house."

What a touching instance of self-devotion in the humblest walks of life to the queen of the floral world. Who shall say that the love of such people does not lead them to a higher walk of internal life, especially when it is remembered that great part of the work accomplished was due to the avoidance of gin-shops.

Here, then, we must halt. We have wandered away from the month of roses to the cultivation of the rose itself, but the transition is easy and we hope that in every home the love that roses typify will bloom not alone in June, but throughout the calendar of life.

#### BRYN MAWR COLLEGE.

WITH the end of June, 1885, it is expected that Bryn Mawr College for Women will be nearly or quite finished, ready for the opening in the following September. The eyes of many young women throughout the land will be eagerly turned toward this event, for it is generally known that the aim of Bryn Mawr College will be higher than that of any other college for women in America.

Bryn Mawr is a fashionable suburban town, ten miles from Philadelphia, in one of the most beautiful localities of Lower Merion Township, Montgomery County. It is reached by the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad. The College grounds include an area of about thirty acres upon the highest hill in the vicinity, the whole region, however, being "high hills," hence the Welsh name, Bryn Mawr.

From the railroad station outlined against the rich woods as a background may be seen, towering high above all surrounding objects, the magnificent granite structure known as Taylor Hall, the main building of the College. This is named after the founder of the institution, Dr. Joseph W. Taylor, of Burlington, N. J. Near by stands a picturesque villa called Merion Hall, after the township. The other completed buildings are the gymnasium, the engine-house, three professors' residences, and a residence for the president, Dr. James E. Rhodes. The grounds immediately surrounding the College are laid out in lawns, flower-garden, and playground.

Taylor Hall is occupied by lecture-halls, library,

and chemical laboratory. Merion Hall consists of parlor, dining-room, kitchen, study-rooms, and students' bed-rooms, with servants' rooms, in the third story. The gymnasium contains gymnastic-hall, bowling-alley, and natatorium. It will be supplied with all the approved appliances under the direction of Dr. Sargent, of Harvard; and gymnastic exercises will be directed by a resident woman physician.

Merion Hall will accommodate fifty students, and the class first admitted will be limited to that number. The plan calls for the erection, in time, of three or more similar halls, and provision will then be made for two hundred and fifty students. There will be no preparatory school, and the standard for admission will be as high as in any college for young men. A limited number of teachers and others may be received as special students. Every student must be at least sixteen years of age. The College will be under the care of members of the Society of Friends, but students of any religious denomination may be admitted. Special advantages will be offered to those intending to become teachers. The charges will be made as low as possible, about three hundred and fifty dollars per year for boarding students, and two hundred dollars for day students, who dine with the others. A limited number of fellowships of five hundred dollars yearly will be offered to graduates of Bryn Mawr and other colleges who desire to pursue their studies in European universities.

No particular costume is prescribed, but every student will be expected to dress plainly. No student will be retained who does not show a disposition to make study her chief business.

The faculty, at present nearly complete, includes some of the best talent from the Harvard Annex, from Johns Hopkins University, from Girton and Newnham Colleges, England, and from other celebrated institutions. Further particulars may be obtained by addressing the president, Dr. Rhodes, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

THE enterprise of ostrich farming, promoted by a company of San Francisco capitalists, promises to be rewarded by complete success. The ten young birds that were hatched last year are all showing good stamina. The old birds began laying hatchable eggs about a month ago and are expected to produce about eighty eggs each. The eggs of ostriches under four years of age are called pullets' eggs and are worthless for breeding. The California Ostrich Company has eleven old birds laying, so that with each ostrich producing some eighty eggs the prospect of a large number of chicks is excellent. At least three hundred and fifty young birds are expected from this year's hatching.





## HABITS OF BEES.

ANCIENT writers, as Aristotle and Virgil, recorded errors about bees which their followers, up to the present age, have felt obliged to repeat. It was reserved for original investigators, like Alphonse Karr, of France, and Rev. J. G. Wood, of England, to tell the world the real truth, which is—in the case of bees as generally in every direction—more wonderful than fiction. Our forefathers did not laugh, but we do to-day, at Virgil's grave assertion that the bees are governed by a king, whose claim is disputed by an ugly pretender; that bees are produced from the carcass of a bull, and that they find their young ready-born upon the shrubs and flowers. Aristotle's descriptions of the habits of bees are no less absurd. He tells us that the bee adopts one flower, and never collects its honey but from flowers of the same kind; that when it is windy the bee keeps itself steady in its flight by carrying grains of sand between its feet; that bees without a king make wax, not honey; that they drive from the hive the most greedy, the most idle, etc. Pliny writes, probably after a most profound study of the penal code of the bees, that in cases of relapse or obstinacy in the above-mentioned vices they are punished, sometimes with death. Both Aristotle and Pliny have made long eulogiums, copied a hundred times over by the moderns, upon their justice, their bravery, their modesty, their loyalty, their political science, and their skill in government.

To quote Alphonse Karr, with his inimitable style, "It has been said, and it is still believed in many places, that bees do not sting wool, and that with woolen gloves they may be handled with impunity, which is all very true when the woolen gloves are thicker than the sting of the bee is long; under similar conditions, you may make use of what stuff you please. It has been asserted that bees hatch their eggs as hens do. Even to the present day, in the country, if any one dies in a house crape is placed upon the hives, without which the bees would be angry at a want of respect which would lead them to believe they were considered as strangers and not as part of the family. And you may have repeated to you, as long as you are willing to listen, instances in which such a one has lost all his bees from failing in this act of politeness toward the bees, who refused to live with such ill-bred people and flew away. Still further, you must, on no account, swear when you are near bees. If you buy a swarm you must not haggle about the price; bees hate meanness, and will not stay if you do. They have an antipathy to thieves;

I believe it is a question, however, whether this extends beyond the plunderers of honey. These virtuous flies love virtuous men, know how to distinguish them, and entertain a strong hatred for vice and the vicious.

"It is very evident that if these flies were more numerous and larger they would suffice for making virtue reign on earth and would very advantageously fill the

places of judges, policemen, and jailers. All these simple tales, I repeat, are particularly contemptible in this respect: they have only been imagined in order to attribute to bees something marvelous which is far beneath the truth."

Rev. J. G. Wood, in his translation of Alphonse Karr's ingenious work, *A Tour Round my Garden*, gives us the following graphic description of bees as they really are:

"We will content ourselves, in the journey we are about to make round my hive, with the things we shall see with our two eyes.

"What a concourse at the opening of the hive! Never was the public square of a great city witness of such agitation! Some bees are issuing in great haste and flying away to a distance in search of provisions, while others are returning loaded with them. We must, in the first

place, ascertain what the bees thus go to seek in the neighboring country. The first thing is a sort of resin, called *propolis*, which they find upon certain trees—firs, yews, birches, etc.; next, *pollen*, or

the fecundating powder of flowers, of which they make bee-bread and then they plunder the *nectar* of flowers for a juice which becomes honey.

"Here is one bringing materials; after having rolled itself in the pollen of flowers, it has, with its hind



feet—made spoon-fashion and armed with hairs as rough as those of a brush—gathered together in little pellets the grains of pollen which have remained about the hairs with which its body is covered. There are five or six bees whose baskets are well laden. Some have collected their burden from a single flower; and it is easy to ascertain from what flower, however far it may grow from the hive. The powder this one bears is white; the bee has been wallowing, if we may use such a word, in a mallow, while his companion, covered with brown powder, has been plundering the tulips. That yellow pollen comes from the blossom of a melon. Some of those who arrive enter the door; others deliver up their provisions to other bees, who receive them at the door, and as soon as they have got rid of their burdens they resume their flight. They are not at all less busy inside of the hive than without; these make with wax hexagonal cells, in which others come and disgorge honey. Other cells are kept empty; these are the nests destined for the young bees.



"The hive is peopled by three sorts of bees: first one female, that is the queen; males, called drones, to the number of nearly two thousand; and eight



or ten thousand workers without sex. The queen, with her harem of drones, suffices for the reproduction of the race—she lays at least six thousand eggs in a year! Of these eggs, some will produce females, like herself, others males; and the remainder, in still greater numbers, workers. While the queen is engaged in the duties of providing another generation, all the workers are

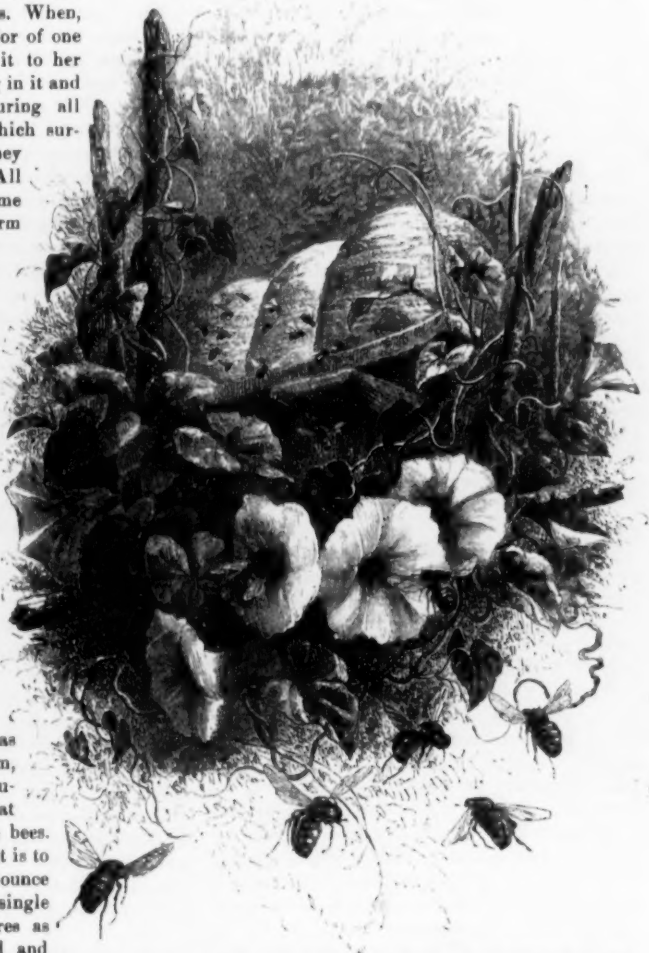


busy with the cradles and the food of the numerous family.

"There arrives a period when the workers have a great operation to perform. The queen has no more time to waste; the males have completed their destiny, and being now useless and an incumbrance, the workers make a general massacre of them and cast their carcasses out of the colony. The queen begins to lay; followed by a train of working bees, she commences her work over the cells. When, after examining the interior of one of these cells, she finds it to her mind, she deposits an egg in it and resumes her march. During all this time the workers which surround her offer her honey with their little trunks. All the cells are not of the same size; some, of similar form to the ordinary cells destined to contain provisions and to serve as nests for the eggs which are to produce common bees, are larger by a ninth than these; they will be the cradles of the males. Others of a different form, of a rounded and oblong figure, are destined to contain the eggs which will become females like the queen.

"Bees employ admirable economy in the use of their wax. Some learned geometers have endeavored to prove what should be the form of cell that would require the least possible wax, and, as the result of their problem, have arrived at the conclusion that it is exactly that which is adopted by the bees. Well, but when the object is to build a royal cell, they renounce this economy altogether; a single one of these cells requires as much wax as a hundred and fifty ordinary cells. According to the time of year, the queen chooses, for depositing her eggs, one of these three sorts of cells. Such of the cells as contain the provision of honey are hermetically sealed with lids of wax; those in which the eggs are placed are left uncovered; these eggs are of a bluish white. Two days afterward from this egg issues a worm; several times in the course of the day a working bee brings it food. A bee often passes

over several cells without stopping; the reason for which is that it finds the worms sufficiently provisioned. In proportion to their growth, their food, a kind of pap, becomes more substantial and is otherwise composed. A paste quite different in taste is given to the worms which are to become fruitful queens. At the end of six days the worms are about to be transformed, and no more food is brought to them; the workers fasten them into



their cells by placing lids of wax over them. The worm thus shut up lines its dwelling with a hanging of extremely fine silk, and then undergoes two transformations. At the second it is a perfect bee.

"The bee opens the lid with its teeth, and comes out of the cell. During this time other bees clean out the cell that has just been abandoned, taking away the cast-off vestments of the worm and carry-

ing them out of the hive; with equal care they remove the little particles of wax which may have fallen into the cell when the lid was pierced. Other bees tear away all that remains of this lid. In a word, they restore the cells to a condition to receive a fresh egg, or to become a magazine for honey. The young bee enters at once upon its functions; two hours after its birth, you could not recognize it but by its color, which is rather gray, while the others become reddish as they grow old. As soon as its wings are smooth and shining it goes out, flies away, and does not return until laden. But not only one bee at a time is thus born; more than a hundred issue from their cells on the same day, so that at the end of a few weeks the hive is over-peopled.

"One morning you observe a kind of revolution. The activity which reigned round the hive has suddenly disappeared. A few bees only come out and return, lightly laden. A colony is about to separate itself from the parent hive, and go and seek other penates. About ten o'clock in the morning, when the sun shines brightly, a great buzzing is heard in the hive; some bees fly out in a tumultuous state—they precede the old queen. She soon appears; she is much longer and larger than the working-bees; her wings scarcely extend over half the length of her body; her hind-feet are not hollowed into the shape of a spoon; she has no necessity for traveling far, and brings home no burdens. She is not destined to work. Her particular part is to be, literally, the mother of her people.

"At no great distance the first bees that come out go and heap themselves up in large clusters around the branch of some tree; the queen comes among them; then all the bees, before spread about in the air, come and cling around her. Most of these are young workers, who follow the fortunes of their royal mother; some old ones, however, of a restless character, come out with the colony and abandon the metropolis. There they remain assembled for more than a quarter of an hour, and sometimes much longer; then they resume their flight in search of a more convenient establishment. It is during these moments of hesitation and immobility that the swarm is easily swept entire into a hive, in which, finding themselves comfortably installed, they remain willingly, and on the morrow commence their labors. If, by chance, a part only of the swarm has been taken, and the queen is not among the captives, none of the bees will work; there will be neither wax nor honey made in the hive. In general, the drones have remained, if not all, almost all, in the old hive. The other queens are massacred and their bodies dragged out. It sometimes happens that at the moment of the coming out of the swarm, two young mothers at once pretend to the sovereignty of the new colony. In fact, sometimes

twenty of them are born in a single hive. If two queens come out at the same time, the swarm divides, but unequally; each of the two queens establishes herself and her partisans upon a different branch.

"The fact that two queens are sometimes seen has given rise to many fables by the ancient writers. Virgil speaks of the true and the false king, and in this he has been imitated by moderns, who describe how the *tyrant* is overthrown, and the like. The truth is that bees, with their unerring instinct, choose the elder queen or the majority follow her, when the swarm is divided, as they are thus sure of a mother for the future family."

Karr concludes his charming essay upon bees with the following admirable words:

"The government of the bees, I must admit, has with reason been represented as a model of the best monarchy that can possibly exist; but it was very wrong to give them laws and a code, judges, advocates, and gendarmes. What constitutes the excellence of this government is that the bees have none of these and that they don't want them, because every one has his part to play and never dreams of playing another; because workers never think of becoming drones, and drones never intrigue to be above queens. While human societies are full of perturbations and misery, they form a concert, in which each instrument wishes to make itself heard above the rest, and in which no one will confine himself to his own part, which must produce, and does in fact produce, a glorious *charivari*."

H.

RATS can be compelled to vacate premises by using a mixture of chloride of lime and water at the places frequented by these animals. Some of the mixture ought to be poured into the holes. Rats have a great aversion to the odor of chloride of lime, and betake themselves at once as far as possible from it. Unlike most other mixtures for abating rat inroads, this mixture of chloride of lime and water is a safe one to employ, and as it does not kill the rats there are no dead bodies of victims undergoing decomposition in inaccessible places and polluting the atmosphere after the riddance has been effected.

THE ingenuity of some Viennese manufacturer has invented a decorative novelty in toilet soap. The soap itself is made in strikingly close imitation of familiar fruits, such as oranges, apples, peaches, pears, and the like, and put up by the half dozen, dozen, or more, in assorted lots, in fruit baskets embroidered in artificial leaves. As there is no reason why soap should not be pretty as well as useful, this fruit soap should become as popular as cleanliness itself.



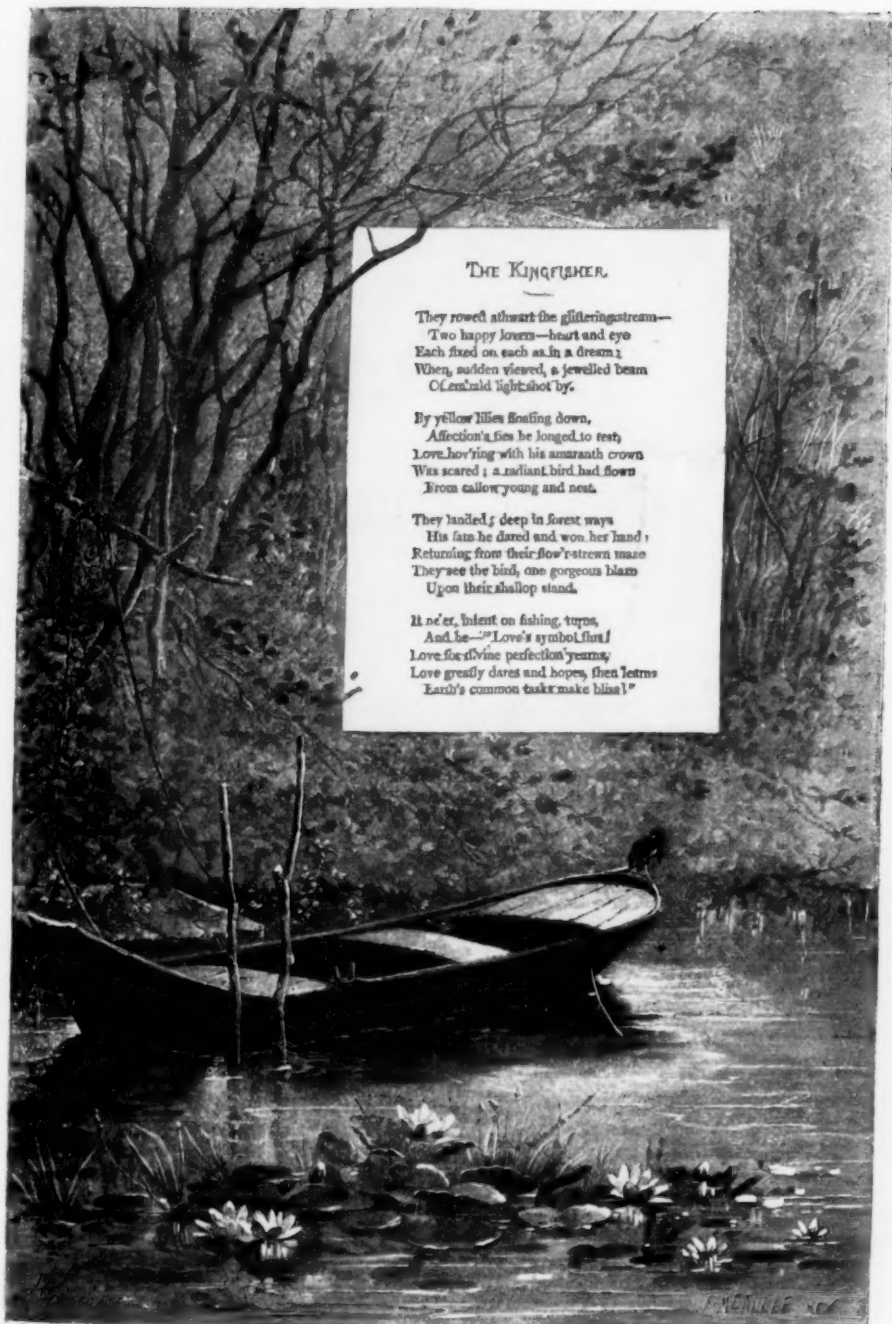
## THE KINGFISHER.

They rowed athwart the glittering stream—  
Two happy lovers—heart and eye  
Each fixed on each as in a dream;  
When, sudden viewed, a jewelled beam  
Of emerald light shot by.

By yellow lilies floating down,  
Affection's lies he longed to test;  
Love, hovering with his amaranth crown  
Was scared; a radiant bird had flown  
From callow young and nest.

They landed deep in forest ways  
His fan he dared and won her hand;  
Returning from their flow'ry stream maze  
They see the bird, one gorgeous blam  
Upon their shallop stand.

He'er, intent on fishing, turns,  
And he—"Love's symbol flut!  
Love for divine perfection yearns;  
Love greatly dares and hopes, then let me  
Earth's common tasks make blis!"







### A RED, RED ROSE.

**O**H! my love is like a red, red rose  
That's newly sprung in June;  
Oh! my love's like the melody  
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,  
So deep in love am I;  
And I will love thee still, my dear,  
Till a' the seas gang dry—

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;  
I will love thee still, my dear,  
While the sands of life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only love!  
And fare thee weel awhile!  
And I will come again, my love,  
Though it were ten thousand mile.

ROBERT BURNS.

## THOMAS HALE'S TRIP TO THE FAR WEST.

HE ESCAPES FROM THE TOIL AND MONOTONY OF FARM-LIFE AND GOES OFF ON A TRIP OF PLEASURE AND PROFIT.

## CHAPTER I.

"OH! yes, this is happiness, I s'pose! pure, perfect, and unalloyed! Following an old harrow back and forth across a wheat-field, with the wind blowing a perfect hurricane and filling your eyes so full of dirt and sand that 'taint more'n half the time that you're downright sure you've got any. Maybe this breeze is the balmy breath o' spring; March winds generally are!

"Oh! no, it aint a bit cold; not for a man that has nothing to do but lie abed all day with the rheumatism and have his arms and legs wrapped up in flannel rags dipped in vinegar and cayenne pepper and liniment poured on top o' that, but for a boy that gits up at half-past four every morning and feeds horses and hogs and milks cows till half-past five, then varies the exercises by splittin' wood till breakfast is ready, an' puts in the balance o' the day followin' a team over the plowed ground, it's a different tune!

"Git up, old longlegs; shut your eyes and plod on. Horses and boys aint supposed to have any feelin's worth speakin' of, but it does seem as if grown folks might have a little common sense. *There goes my hat*, borne away on this gentle breath o' spring, and if I leave this team to go after it they'll do more harrowin' inside o' two minutes than I can do in half an hour. I was going to ask mother to sew a better string on it, but just then father said, '*Come, Tom, do hurry up; it does seem as if you wouldn't get to work to-day,*' and I come without it; and now I've got to go half across this forty-acre lot bareheaded, hitch the team to the fence, and go gallivantin' all over the field after that hat.

"And there comes old Deacon Dobson. I don't want to be near the road when he comes along; for I don't want to be entertained with a lecture an hour and a half long upon the wonderful blessing of being born a farmer's boy, which will be finished up with, 'Well, well, boys don't know when they're well off.'"

The reader will understand by this time that Thomas Hale was thoroughly out of humor. He was not a bad boy by any means, but there were irritating circumstances against which his good nature was not proof.

His father had been prostrated with an acute form of rheumatism at the very beginning of the spring's work, and, with the aid of a hired man, Thomas was doing everything in his power, actually overworking himself in the effort to keep the farm in its usual prosperous condition; but it is a hard matter for two to do the work of three,

no matter how willing they may be, and it was evident that the seeding would not be done with quite its usual promptness this season.

And the invalid was worried and nervous, not to say irritable; for besides the pain of his disease, it was a real misfortune not to be able to attend to the management of his farm at this particular season.

Everything seemed going to ruin, and being unable to do anything except fret at Thomas, of course he did that; and the boy knew too little of sickness himself to make proper allowance for the irritability of one in his father's condition; but what had particularly provoked him upon this occasion was the words of the doctor, who had called before Thomas started out to work:

"There's no life on earth so gloriously, carelessly happy as that of a farmer's boy; no other situation is so free from trials and temptations or so far removed from hardships and perplexities, from want and care; while the labor that secures all these blessings is mere healthy exercise, the only effect of which is to strengthen and develop the growing muscles until the boy expands into the full perfection of manhood." And the doctor finished his eulogy with an admonition to Thomas to appreciate his privilege while it lasted, and a regret that boys did not know when they were well off.

But what the lad really needed, and that which no one thought of giving him, was sympathy in his real trials and encouragement in well doing.

Deacon Dobson stopped for a few moments and looked inquiringly at the team tied to the fence and the boy running hither and yonder about the field, and then went on to pay a neighborly visit to the sick man.

"Good mornin', Mr. Hale; thought I'd call around and cheer you up a little. Must be very tryin' to an energetic man like you to be lyin' here in bed right in the busy season. Your farmin' aint gettin' along as it was at this time last year, nor it won't while you're not able to look after it yourself, either. This sickness of yours is a dreadful affliction, and I'm proper sorry for you. I hope you'll be round again soon, though 'taint at all likely that you will. I've known several persons in my time that was all drawn out o' shape and crippled for life by this very ailment. Your farm-work was a week ahead last year, but I guess that boy o' yours aint overly steady, is he?"

"Why?" asked the sick man, impatiently.

"Oh! nothin'; I don't s'pose I'd ought to mentioned it, but when I come by the team was hitched to the fence and he appeared to be chasin' something about the field—a squirrel, most likely."

"I did not suppose that Thomas would neglect his work and trifle away his time in that manner; it's too bad. Oh! if I could only get up and attend to things myself!" said the sick man, fretfully.

"Don't worry about it, Brother Hale; no doubt

Providence will provide you an abundant harvest after all, and we must learn to submit to its dispensations and look upon our afflictions as blessings in disguise," said Deacon Dobson, consolingly.

"Providence was never known to furnish a harvest unless the seed was sown," said Mr. Hale, impatiently.

After an hour of such cheering and inspiring conversation, Deacon Dobson took his departure, leaving the invalid to wait in nervous impatience for the return of his son for an explanation of his undutiful conduct.

"What in the world do you mean, Tom, by letting the team stand idle right in the midst of this hurrying season, while you go off chasing squirrels over the field? You know how everything depends upon you now, when I'm down sick abed, and it is too discouraging to think that a great sixteen-year-old boy would be so childish," said Mr. Hale, as soon as Thomas came in.

"Who says I've been chasing squirrels?" asked Thomas, in angry surprise at the unjust accusation.

"Deacon Dobson came by while the team was tied to the fence," answered Mr. Hale, sternly.

"Oh! yes; that settles it; did he tell you that I had swallowed the harrow to give myself a pain in the stomach, to get rid of putting in a full day's work?" asked Thomas, with a very decided flash from his keen black eyes.

"My son, don't you know that your father is sick?" asked his mother, reprovingly, and Thomas stood still and listened to a somewhat lengthy lecture upon the unworthiness of his conduct without offering a word of explanation, but before starting for the field after dinner he said:

"Mother, I wish you would sew a string on my hat; I wanted it this morning, but father was in such a hurry to see me get to work that I went without it, and I don't want to be obliged to chase that hat over the field again when Deacon Dobson is going by."

"Was that what you were doing?" asked his mother.

"Of course it was; what kind o' bringin' up do you s'pose I've had, if I don't know any better than to do the like o' that?" he asked.

"Why didn't you explain it to your father?" asked his mother.

"Because he seemed to think that Deacon Dobson had told all there was to tell, and didn't give me any chance," replied Thomas. "I hate Doctor Brown and Deacon Dobson."

"Why, Thomas?" said Mrs. Hale, reprovingly.

"I hate 'em, and I love to hate 'em," answered Thomas, spitefully. "They always talk as if a boy was in duty bound to be happy, whether he's following a harrow in the face of a March hurricane, bindin' in the harvest field with the brillin' sun pourin' down his back, or blisterin' his heels

with his father's old boots. The mere fact that he's a boy ought to make him as happy as a clam at high tide, and if he *aint*, he's an ungrateful and unreasonable wretch that don't know when he's well off! Why don't they take a boy's position now, if it's the only place on earth where there's any real happiness to be found? Most anybody would give 'em a chance to work for their board and clothes like a boy—that is, if they were disposed to be reasonable, and didn't try to have anything to say about the *kind o'* clothes that they would like to wear," and Thomas started off to his work muttering, "I mean to get out o' this just as soon as father's able to help himself. He sha'n't be pestered with a lazy, good-for-nothing boy, who lets the team stand in the field while he goes off chasing squirrels for exercise. Gracious! don't I feel like chasin' squirrels when I wake up just before sunrise, with my limbs so tired and lame that I can scarcely stand on 'em. I couldn't chase anything, unless I could get after old Dobson with a pitchfork!"

Scolding and storming, Thomas went to his work, and shortly afterward a man who was buying up a herd of cattle for a wealthy dealer in Denver stopped to inquire if they had any to sell.

"What will you do with the cattle when you get as many as you want?" asked Thomas, after answering the man's questions.

"Drive them out on to the prairie as soon as the grass is high enough, let them graze until they are in good condition for beef, then drive them slowly across to the Denver market," replied the drover. (Mr. Hale's farm was upon the prairie west of the Mississippi.)

"I always thought that I would like to see that part of the country," said Thomas, thoughtfully.

"It is grand, I can tell you, especially at the time of the year in which we cross it," replied the man. "Nothing but a trip of pleasure and sight-seeing from beginning to end, for all that we pay our hands at the rate of fifty dollars per month."

He was a shrewd Western drover, and he needed just such a boy as his keen penetration discerned Thomas to be, and justly surmising that the boy was tired of the monotony of the farm, he resolved to turn his discontent to his own account.

"There's all sorts of game out there, from a jack rabbit to a buffalo. We halt at about four o'clock in the afternoon, pitch our tents, turn the cattle loose to graze, and some of us hunt, others fish, and one of the company cooks our meals over the camp fire. We don't start until about ten o'clock in the morning, and that gives us a chance to stroll around and look about for game. One morning last summer, when our camp was pitched in the edge of a little grove, I took my rifle and walked out through the timber. I hadn't been gone more than fifteen minutes, when a beautiful

gazelle sprang up from where it had been lying through the night and stood and looked at me all the time that I was taking aim. It dropped in its tracks the moment that I fired. I tell you that fellow made us some splendid meals. We took the choicest of it, hung it over our camp fire until nicely done, and you can't get anything at a city restaurant that will compare with game cooked in that way. We roast wild geese, ducks, and prairie chickens after the Indian mode."

"How is that?" asked Thomas, with eager interest.

"We dig a small pit, about two feet deep, two feet long, and eighteen inches wide, heat some flat stones and lay them in the bottom and around the sides, wrap the goose, turkey, or whatever it happens to be, in brown paper wet in cold water, lay it in the pit, and heat another flat stone to cover it with, then build a little fire on the top, and let it remain over night, and eat it for breakfast, with flapjacks and roast potatoes. It's model cooking, I can tell you, and the boys are always in good health, excellent spirits, and *such appetites*! light work, good pay, and lots o' fun, you know."

"Are there no wolves, bears, or panthers to make night's melody for your tired senses?" asked Thomas. "I should think that their voices would be almost as irritating to your sensitive nerves as the yell that breaks upon the tranquillity of my dreams every morning just before sunrise."

"I infer that you are an early riser," said the man, "but wild animals never come about a camp fire, and whenever you run across a grizzly you want to let him entirely alone. He is very much like a swarm of bees, quiet and orderly if not molested, but having a great deal of reserve force when it is actively enlisted; but there is plenty of less dangerous game, so there is no need of provoking these monarchs of the mountains."

"Do you want any more help?" asked Thomas, after listening for some time to the marvelous hunting stories told by the man, and the great advantages of making a trip across the plains and seeing the wonders of the Western country.

"Well, I don't know but what we might find use for another hand if we should try," replied the man, slowly, as if not positively certain that there was any real need of any additional help.

"What will you give me to go with you?" asked Thomas, eagerly.

"Well, if you could make a full hand, and wouldn't mind taking your turn at catching a string o' fish, or killing the game for our meat as we go along, I might say fifty dollars per month," replied the man.

"You'll never find me trying to shirk that part of the work, I promise you," answered Thomas, quickly, and before the drover went away he had hired the boy to help to herd the cattle through the summer, and to go across the plains to Denver,

with the understanding that Thomas insisted upon having, that he would not leave the farm unless his father was recovering, and he could find a boy to work in his place, for, in fact, he did not intend to run away, but he could not believe that his father would be so unreasonable as to refuse to hire a boy in his stead for fifteen dollars per month when he could earn fifty.

That evening he alluded to the subject by saying that there was a man in the neighborhood gathering up a herd of cattle, and that he was paying fifty dollars per month for men or boys to go with him to Denver, and that he (Thomas) would like very much to go.

"Fifty fiddlesticks!" said the sick man, contemptuously. "What nonsense will you get into your head next? The probability is that you'll want to go off on an Arctic exploring expedition before the planting is done. You won't be able to earn your salt, at this rate. Deacon Dobson was right when he thought you wasn't very steady. Just look at Will Sargent now; he's as faithful as the day is long, and no father, no home of his own, either."

"Would he suit you as well as I?" asked Thomas, with an angry flash of his eyes.

"I don't see why he shouldn't," said the sick man, turning away his head as if tired of the conversation.

"Mother, do you think that father is recovering?" he asked as he went out through the kitchen.

"Oh! yes, the doctor says that if he keeps improving at this rate for a week to come he will be around again," replied Mrs. Hale.

And Thomas at once determined to go to join Mr. Snobs, the drover, as soon as planting should be over.

He worked with an energy that left no room for fault-finding in the opinion of any reasonable person, and when the planting was all done and Mr. Hale able to walk about, he asked permission to spend three days with his cousins, who lived about five miles distant.

It was reluctantly given, and he started at once. At the expiration of the appointed time, instead of Thomas, Will Sargent came and handed Mrs. Hale a letter, and hastily opening it she read:

"MOTHER:—I have hired out to Mr. Snobs to herd upon the plains this summer, but I send a better boy than I to take my place, so that it will be no loss to you and father. He was getting kind o' tired of me any way, and I believe he will like the change, although he didn't really seem to want to make it himself. I'll bring you a present when I go home—that is, if you should ever want me to come back. Your undutiful son,

"THOMAS.

"P. S.—I hope father won't take cold and get

another spell of the rheumatism. Tell him to be very careful. T. H."

Could Thomas have seen the consternation which this letter produced, he would have repented leaving home, but he was beyond recall now.

Mrs. Hale burst into tears, and his father turned pale and paced nervously across the floor.

"Well, it can't be helped, wife, and perhaps it will do no harm to let him see a little of the world instead of always being sheltered in the home-nest," said Mr. Hale at length.

"But what if he should die from cold and exposure, and I should never see my boy again?" she asked, with another storm of sobs.

## CHAPTER II.

THOMAS was cordially received by Mr. Snobs when he arrived at the appointed place, and he entered upon his duties upon the following morning. The cattle, several hundred in number, had been bought up from various places, and were restless and discontented and anxious to return to their homes, so that when they were first driven out upon the prairie it required constant watching to keep them from scattering off and escaping from the herd, and during the first few days you may be sure that Thomas found no time for the promised hunting and fishing.

He was furnished with a pony to ride, and before the close of the first day he found that galloping hither and yonder, on the back of a pony from morning till night, was quite as wearisome an exercise as following a harrow across a wheat-field, and he rode to the camp so tired that he could scarcely sit in his saddle.

The supper, which one of the men was preparing, was not quite so tempting as Mr. Snobs had represented. The cook was frying salt bacon and baking pancakes over a camp fire, smoking a short black pipe during the operation, and stopping every now and then to kick a dog out of the pancake batter when they made free to lap out of the dish, which was setting upon the ground.

The weather excuses neither man nor boy from duty after the herding commences, and a cold, drizzling rain came on and continued for nearly a week.

Thomas had neglected to provide himself with a herder's long rubber overcoat, and as he rode hither and yonder all day long, drenched to the skin and chilled through and through by the cool prairie winds, he said:

"Thomas Hale, you're a fool! that's just what you are, and you stand a pretty good chance of finding it out. Even old Deacon Dobson was right when he said that boys didn't know when they were well off. You knew that March winds

didn't last all the year round on a farm, though they seem to out here. When it stormed, you could go in out of the rain and be comfortable, and if you did quit at night tired and hungry, your mother always had a pleasant room and a decent meal for you, and the dogs didn't get the first lick at the pancakes, either! If you hadn't run away, you could quit and go back, but you'll have to put up with it now. I wonder if mother cared much when she found that I was gone."

As summer advanced the cattle became more contented, but high winds and thunder-storms were frequent.

One night, shortly after the cattle had been driven into the corral, dense clouds were seen rising in the southwest, and peal on peal of deep, reverberating thunder made the very earth to tremble and shook the air with its strong concussions. The cattle became restless, moving uneasily about as if scenting danger and instinctively shrinking from it.

"We're going to have a big storm; animals never act like that unless there's danger ahead," said one of the men.

"True enough," replied Mr. Snobs; "we'll have to guard the corral to-night; if they break loose they'll scatter to the four winds, and we'll lose all the profits of the trip."

Accordingly, supper was hurriedly dispatched, and all hands (except Mr. Snobs) were stationed around the corral to guard the weaker places and to check and turn back the herd whenever they pressed against it. Night came on with its intense darkness, relieved by blinding flashes of lightning, and as Thomas rode back and forth along the part of the corral which he was stationed to guard, it seemed to him as if the clouds had gathered up all the waters of the ocean to hurl upon his defenseless head. Suddenly a most appalling clap of thunder rent the air, and a dazzling streak of lightning plowed a semi-circular furrow in the earth, not one hundred yards away, with as much apparent ease as a writing-master would make a flourish with his pen.

The pony fell upon his knees, and for some moments Thomas was uncertain whether he had been struck by lightning or not.

"I s'pose the water that's a pourin' down my back by barrels full will fetch me to if I am," he muttered as soon as he could recover his senses enough to speak. "But oh! what wouldn't I give to be snug in bed at the farm-house, listening to the patter of the rain upon the roof. What is the cry of 'Get up, Tom, don't lay abed all day,' to the screech of a catamount over your head or havin' the heavens tryin' to drown you by pourin' water down your back and into your boots after shakin' the senses out o' you with thunder and lightnin'?"

I would like to tell you of his adventure with a



panther and flight from a grizzly bear, and how Mr. Snobs did all the hunting and fishing himself, and imposed all the unpleasant tasks upon Thomas, did space permit; but I can only tell how at the time of settlement Mr. Snobs charged him for board, the use of the pony, and for a cow that had been killed by a panther, so that he had barely money enough with which to get home. But what a time of rejoicing there was when he rapped at the door of the old homestead and the mother opened it to admit her boy. And how much like Heaven itself it seemed in comparison with the rough experiences of the last few months. In return for his summer's work he had learned that there is no place on earth where hardships are so lightened by comforts as in a boy's own home, and the father was convinced that a timely word of sympathy and encouragement is better than a whole volume of scolding and faultfinding.

ISADORE ROGERS.

## GEORGE ELIOT'S GRAVE.

A GRAVEDIGGER THAT HAD NEVER HEARD OF "HIM."—THE SIMPLE STONE AND INSCRIPTION.

**A** RENEWED reading of the works of George Eliot, her life and letters, suggested the idea of visiting her last resting-place at Highgate and Kentish Town Cemetery. This vast, irregular "God's acre" was consecrated on May 20th, 1839, and it lies below Highgate Church. It has a Tudor gatehouse and chapel, and large, imposing-looking catacombs of Egyptian architecture. The grounds, originally planted in tasteful terraces, have been added to from time to time, until now the new portion is nearly as large as the old portion of Highgate.

Entering the wide gate, we presently came to a gravedigger hard at work on his gruesome task in preparation for the casket of some lifeless body a few hours hence. He did not look up from his digging, though we stood for some minutes silently regarding him. At last we spoke:

"Good morning, Mr. Gravedigger." Scarcely raising his eyes, he mumbled out "Mornin'."

"Will you please direct us," we ventured, "to George Eliot's grave?"

"Never 'eard of 'im, oi didn't," he laconically responded.

"Why," we hastened to inform him, "we mean George Eliot the writer."

To this he paused and leaned on his shovel, and queried:

"Did 'ee live in 'Ighgate, mum, 'cause there was a printer chap as died at Michaelmas as lived up 'Ighgate way."

"My good man, George Eliot was a woman, not a man; she was a great literary character, and

wrote under a man's name. Why, all the world knew her, and she is buried here somewhere about."

"Very sorry, mum, oi can't 'elp yer, but oi never 'eard of 'er, and, more an' that, oi don't think much of a gal a takin' a man's name, nohow. Looks like she was ashamed of her name."

The sexton of the church directed us to the grave of George Eliot, and seemed to know much of her life and writings. At the same time we learned of other noted graves, and jotted down the sexton's minute descriptions of the localities. He added, as to George Eliot, that "many Americans visit the grave and carry away pebbles and tufts of grass, as there is nothing else to carry," a tiny square of grass only waving above that lifeless brain.

The stone marking the great novelist's grave is a simple granite obelisk, rising from an oblong patch of greensward near the base of a hilly stretch of ground, sheltered somewhat from the too rugged winds, yet towering above many graves which thickly cluster at the extreme base of the inclination, also below in the valley. At one side of the obelisk monument is the name "Mary Ann Cross," with the dates of her birth and death. Under this, in bold relief, on one line, is simply the name by which she was known to the world, "George Eliot," with quotation marks, and under all a quotation from her own many thoughts. This is as follows: "Of those immortal dead who live again in minds made better by their presence." This entire simplicity was by George Eliot's own desire, expressed many times during her life. She wished to live in the minds of the reading public as "George Eliot," and the obelisk would have been improved by this designation of nomenclature alone.—*London Letter to the Boston Herald.*

**GRANT AND THE CHINAMEN'S JOKE.**—When Grant returned from China he gave an amusing account of the difficulty he had in making the court officials of the Middle Kingdom understand his position in this country. They kept constantly addressing him as the Emperor of the United States.

"But I am not the Emperor," insisted General Grant. "I was President of the United States, but I am out of office now."

"You are in exile then?" said one of the mandarins, in great alarm.

"No, I am traveling. I am now on the way back to my country."

"Ah! then you are the Emperor still."

And the moon-eyed Celestials shook their heads and smiled faintly. It was the Chinese idea of a joke.



THE ALSATIAN EXODUS.

## THE ALSATIAN EXODUS.

THE cruel war had ended. The fate of Alsace-Lorraine was at length sealed, and the fiat had gone forth by which was ceded to Germany these fair and fertile provinces, French in customs, French in sentiment, and, above all, French in that *amour de patrie* so distinctive of all true patriots.

A cry of lamentation went up from over all the land as each class of the people found themselves called upon to face and choose between the dreadful alternative of remaining in their home and becoming the subjects of German despotism or emigrating over the border into France proper. All ties of family, all old associations, bound them by invisible but potent chains to the land of their birth. The very ground was rendered sacred to them by the graves of a long line of ancestry; the air they breathed had borne on its wings their sorrowing sighs or their light-hearted laughter; for them the sun shone in Alsace-Lorraine as in no other part of the world, and the old gray stones of the very walls had each their story to tell of those nearly connected by blood, who had passed away forever. Around every hearth-stone was buried the strong tendrils of domestic love, founded upon the still more deeply rooted cornerstone of loyalty to their Government.

Now, all this was about to vanish. Did they remain in these provinces, endeared to them in so many thousands of ways, German customs were to supersede the French; the hated German tongue was to be learned and spoken; German justice, to them only a symbol of tyrannous rule, was to usurp their loved French law, and above all, and towering over all like a black cloud surcharged with unutterable miseries and ready to pour its horrors upon their defenseless heads, threatened the German conscription-law, whereby each male was forced to serve in the army of their conquerors.

Can there be readily imagined a more dreadful alternative than was thus laid before the helpless inhabitants of Alsace-Lorraine? Truly, in this instance did the innocent bear the burden of the guilty and suffer for the mad ambition and foolishness of others.

Then did the unfortunate inhabitants speak in heart-rending accents through the mouth of their deputy, Mr. Kellar—"France cannot abandon those who will not be separated from her; we hold forth our hands to you; do not refuse to hold forth yours."

But all in vain their agonized cry for help, for alone and unaided they were obliged to make their decision, and the fateful limit set, September 30th, 1872, just two years and three days after the surrender of Strasbourg, drew swiftly near.

One by one the days flew quickly by, and still the question remained undecided; it was living death to leave their homes, but they could not become the subjects of the German Emperor; so, slowly and sadly, were all their household gods gathered together, and the exodus commenced. Old and young, middle-aged and infants, thronged together in a companionship which presented the only ray of comfort to their sorrowing hearts, a long train of exiles from their loved homes. One last look at fair Nancy, one farewell sigh to beautiful Strasbourg, one backward glance at the sunlit towers of its lovely cathedral, one last pause for the music of its bells, and then, with tear-dimmed eyes and stumbling feet, forward to the land of the national birth. German, indeed, might the miserable land become, but it was a dead body; its life and soul and heart, its people, had vanished from it forever.

Who can describe what physical sufferings were added to the already heavy weight upon their minds and hearts, the untold agonies of the sick, the patient endurance of the old, for high and low, nobility and peasantry, suffered alike? but go they must, for should any be found within the borders of the provinces on the 30th of September they became without exemption the subjects of the German and liable to conscription by the 6th of October following. Brothers thus would face each other in opposing armies, and fathers their sons; it was not to be thought of; so forth they went, each with his Lares and Penates, a crowd of one hundred and fifty thousand exiles. One man fell on the borders of the two countries, rejoicing in his last breath that he died, as he had lived, a Frenchman.

O France! thou brilliant soldier-nation, well shouldst thou glory in the love and loyalty of thy children!

Protests went up from all the civilized world denouncing the extremity of these measures, and aid poured in from America, Mexico, England, and all quarters of the world, for dreadful want clutched those emigrants who had waited, vainly expecting intervention, till the last moment, and then most earnest pressing forward would hardly place them in safety before the fateful September 30th.

The whole amount of population thus lost to Alsace was estimated at about one hundred thousand persons, and that of Lorraine fifty thousand.

These rigorous measures will forever remain a blot upon the escutcheon of Germany, and future ages will judge more justly and severely than even that of the present, whose eyes are dazzled by the splendor of the powerful reign of the Emperor William and the wonderful administrative ability of Prince Bismarck.

H. S. ATWATER.

# "CHIN-LEE'S BABY."

A TALE OF THE FAR WEST.

"WHAT'S a hero?"

The question was fired off in my ear suddenly and aggressively by a small nephew, who stood resolutely beside my chair, demanding information with the inconsiderate recklessness of youth. I regarded the inquirer with pallid abstraction, and a general sense of impotence. What is a hero? How is heroism to be classified and defined? The question opened up limitless vistas of history, tradition, assertion, conjecture, and research. I reached out my hand for Noah Webster; ran my finger hastily down the column, seeking the views of the great lexicographer—"Hero—a brave man—a man who performs gallant deeds—a great person." A hero then is brave and gallant and great. With this definition I satisfied my nephew, and dismissed him to his play.

But with myself the matter was not ended. Heroes and heroism took possession of my mind and ran riot; mentally, I canvassed the accepted heroes of the world, marshaled them in line before me and told them off—soldiers, sailors, statesmen, orators, poets, writers, patriots, enthusiasts, fanatics, pioneers, 'longshoremen, miners, steamboat captains, railroad conductors, and engineers—an imposing array; a line stretching all the way from the Greeks and Romans down to Jim Bledsoe and Fynee, of Virginia; a line composed of every nation and tongue and kindred, and embracing every age of which tradition has preserved the faintest record.

Heroism is a wonderfully complex thing; the more I pondered it the more stupendous grew my amazement at the manifold variety of its power of demonstration. It has as infinite a gradation of shade and expression as is furnished by the shifting panorama of the seasons, is as full of contradictions and subtleties as an orthodox theologian's diagnosis of the Scriptures, and is as replete with magnetism, power, and emotion as the heart and brain of the creature whom God created in His own image and likeness. It is self-assertive, self-abnegatory, ambitious, humble, grand, majestic, lowly, unostentatious, generous, and God-like.

Heroism is a good thing for men to think about, to keep in stock, and to imbue the atmosphere of their daily lives with. Men ought to measure themselves occasionally with others greater than they are, so that by aspiration their altitude may increase. How is a man ever to discover his own size save by comparison. We cannot all be grand meteoric heroes. We haven't the opportunity, no matter how brilliantly we might adorn the sphere. But there is a quiet gallantry, noble as the best in the eyes of the great Judge, which is open to every aspirant for the

glory of heroism. To rescue a starving, hope-forsaken garrison, like Havelock; to go down to a watery grave for duty, like Herndon; to hold a fortress, like Gordon; to hew one's way to victory through overwhelming obstacles, as the gallant band of eighty carved theirs through five thousand Arabs, are great and noble deeds, worthy of all honor, all reverence. But there is a higher courage still, a courage as tender as well as brave; a courage the display of which brings out in us the image of our Maker. What deed of daring touches us as does Scott's simple story of the love and bravery of Jeanie Deans? And in all literature where can be found a parallel to Gentleman Waife's self-abnegation?

Seven years ago when I was a youngster just working into practice, my home was—as it still is—in the city of San Francisco. Times were troublous with us then, for the feeling against Chinese labor was at its very hottest, and Dennis Kearney and his street roughs were a power in the land. The Irish foreigner was raising a mighty outcry against the Asiatic foreigner, and swearing by the beard of his fathers that free America was no place for "thim dhirty haythen nagurs, bedad," but only and solely for Irishmen. As though the good God in the creation of this fair continent had no such comprehensive scheme in view as that of affording an asylum for the over-plus of the world, but simply intended creating an annex to Ireland, and perhaps—grudgingly—to Germany.

The Celestial had a weary time, a bitter apprenticeship, before he won tolerance, and only dogged persistence, over-population at home, and a tender love of the jolly American dollar kept him in a land where his reception was worse than cool. As it was, he endured his Ishmaelitic existence as best he could, and pocketed both insults and shekels, trying to make himself small and inoffensive and unobtrusive, and thereby escape calumny and assault. The police courts took little cognizance of such bagatelles as queue-cutting, wash-house burning, brick-bat throwing, and the like. These foreigners were not allowed to testify in their own behalf like other foreigners, so that the Celestial idea of American right and justice dwindled abjectly, and in inverse ratio their notion of power and might assumed gigantic proportions. Threats, even the most preposterous, were considered by them quite within the range of possible and probable fulfillment, and so many arbitrary, unrebuked exhibitions of power overwhelmed them every day, that to the bewildered Chinese mind it appeared feasible for a street rough to execute any and every threat he happened to make.

Cases of a graver sort in which Chinamen were involved sometimes came up in the higher city courts, and one in particular I remember very



well for several reasons, chief among which is that it was my first regular case. My professional services were retained by an influential member of the Chinese Company in behalf of a poor Chinaman who ran a wash-house on Leavenworth Street and who was committed for arson. The plaintiff was a steady-going young carpenter named Henderson, an American, who also lived on Leavenworth Street, exactly opposite Chin-Lee, my client. He was a man of steady, industrious habits, and occupied a small, two-story, frame building with his family, which consisted of a wife and two small children—a little girl of four years, called Mabyn, or Mab, and an infant of a few months. For upward of a year—indeed, ever since the opening of his laundry—Chin-Lee had been employed by the Hendersons as their regular washer, and going back and forth with the clothes week after week, besides doing odd jobs, such as floor-scrubbing and window-washing for Mrs. Henderson at intervals, the Chinaman, of course, became thoroughly conversant with the ways of the house and the habits of its occupants. From the very first, the little girl, Mabyn, conceived a violent attachment for the Celestial. She would lay in wait for him on the stairs when he came with his basket of clothes and clasp him round the legs with her little arms, laughing and exhibiting the greatest delight at sight of him. Whenever he was employed in the house she never left his side an instant, bringing her dolls and playthings for his inspection, talking to him, and attaching herself to him with a thousand baby arts and endearments. The child's affection was heartily reciprocated by her outlandish playmate, who was never too busy to heed her, never too hard-pressed to amuse and interest her. With the utmost gentleness, the Chinaman would play with his little friend, carry her about, ride her on his back, with his sacred pig-tail for a bridle, construct kites, junks, bamboo toys, and ivory trinkets for her; in his pocket were always lumps of strange Chinese sweets and bits of fruit for little Mab, and his wash-house was to the child a well-spring of joy. In it she spent as many hours as her mother would allow most happily, invested with a tiny washing paraphrenalia—a mite of a tub and a waterproof apron—dabbling, chattering, and splashing to her heart's content and the equally great satisfaction of her entertainer, who, when twitted by his conferrers with his devotion to the little girl, always replied, sturdily: "Him velly nice baby, velly sweet lilly Mellican baby. Chin Lee lonely; got nobody; baby love Chin-Lee; Chin-Lee's baby." Mrs. Henderson did not like Chinamen, regarded them with suspicion, as a rule, conceiving them uncanny and devil born; but she was won over by Chin-Lee's obvious devotion to her little one, and finding his ministrations safe and convenient, she allowed the intimacy to deepen until scarcely a

day passed during which Mab did not pay a visit to the wash-house.

On Christmas Eve, Mrs. Henderson, leaving the little girl fast asleep on the bed in the upper chamber, took the baby and stepped round the corner to a neighbor's for an afternoon call and discussion of the coming festivities. She locked the door, as she supposed, securely, and put the key in her pocket, so that house and child might be safe in her absence. In the pleasure of congenial society and lively anticipation, time flew unheeded, and Mrs. Henderson was only recalled to a sense of home and duty by the sound of an engine passing and the alarm of fire in the immediate vicinity. Filled with consternation and terror for her child, she fled swiftly homeward, and arrived on the scene of action to find flames issuing from her second-story windows and herself hemmed in by the crowd on every side. Almost before she could frame the agonized question which shivered from heart to lips or force her frantic way through the mass around her, there was a considerable bustle and stir, and little Mab was placed in her arms by a sympathetic German woman, the child having been passed from hand to hand through the crowd. She was dirty, miserable, scorched in clothing, and howling with terror, and had been discovered sitting huddled up on a pile of damp garments in a tub in Chin-Lee's wash-house. And Chin-Lee himself was in custody, charged with willfully and maliciously setting fire to the premises of his opposite neighbor.

The circumstantial evidence was strong against the Celestial. He was known to harbor ill-will against Henderson, who shared in a measure the workmen's prejudice against the Chinese, and had once or twice spoken harshly, almost brutally, to the man about his work and also about allowing other Chinamen to make a rendezvous of his wash-house. It is not only probable, but absolutely certain, that had Henderson been much at home his little girl's intimacy with Chin-Lee would have been nipped peremptorily in the bud.

A woman occupying the house diagonally across from the wash-house testified that she had been leaning out of her second-story window about half an hour after Mrs. Henderson's departure, and that her attention was attracted to the wash-house by the singularity of the movements of its owner. Chin-Lee was hanging out clothes on the roof of his little one-story building quietly as usual. All at once he dropped the wet garments back into the basket, and rushed to the edge of the roof with every sign of perturbation, leaning over and peering up and down the street anxiously. Thinking that something unusual must be in sight, the woman craned her neck almost to dislocation in her efforts to discover the cause of the Celestial's excitement, but could see nothing at all out of the way; indeed, to her eye the street appeared un-



usually deserted. Meanwhile, Chin-Lee, after scanning the street eagerly, fixed his eyes on the windows of the house opposite, bending forward so as to almost endanger his own safety; his antics were singular in the extreme; he jumped up and down, clapped his hands, and uttered exclamations, but whether of delight or consternation the witness's ignorance of the Celestial tongue prevented her from determining with any certainty. Greatly interested, she watched the Chinaman dart down his own stairway and reappear on the pavement, watched him cross the street hurriedly, ring the Hendersons' bell violently, and then vanish into the house. Whether he opened the door himself, or had it opened for him from the inside, she could not ascertain, being on the same side of the way and her range of vision circumscribed in spite of her best efforts. In about five minutes, or it might be more or less, she saw the Chinaman emerge with a large bundle in his arms wrapped in a blanket, and cross over with it to his wash-house. Deeming the show over, and feeling as though she had discovered a mare's nest, the woman returned to her work, convinced that the gesticulations from the wash-house roof were simply answers to calls or signals from the second story of Mrs. Henderson's house—probably an installment of the family wash had been forgotten, and the bundle in Chin-Lee's arms favored this theory.

Another woman, living next door to the injured building, testified to hearing the Henderson bell pulled violently several times, and then to hearing the sound of a child's scream and of hasty footsteps, which she took for Mrs. Henderson's running up-stairs. Soon after she became conscious of smoke penetrating from somewhere, accompanied by a smell of burning, and, like a sensible woman, gave the alarm at once, and then busied herself with the securing of her own property.

The officer who made the arrest stated that when he arrived on the scene he found Chin-Lee struggling and gasping in the grasp of two Irishmen, who were pulling and hauling him about, covering him with vituperation and asserting that he was the cause of the fire. The poor Chinaman, terrified out of his senses and out of all knowledge of the language of his tormentors, was protesting and explaining with earnestness in his native tongue, to which no one gave the slightest attention. The threats of the men, the officer was forced to admit, were quite awful, the least among them being to the effect that "the hand large or small, of man, woman, or child, yellow, black, brown, or white, that ever fired a single house in the city, should rot off in jail before its owner would be considered sufficiently punished," and that they would see that "no haythen nagurs" were allowed to burn honest workingmen's homes

while their heads were hot, and a good deal more to the same purpose. The officer had some difficulty in rescuing his prisoner from their grip, and only on the cry being raised to tear down the "wash-house and smash the whole outfit to smithereens," could they be induced to surrender their prey and turn their attention to other mischief. A rush was instantly made for the laundry, where Mab was discovered seated on the pile of wet clothes, dreadfully disheveled and weeping sore.

As speedily as possible I waited on my client, and found him sitting on his feet close to the wall of his cell. His clothing was draggled and torn, his complexion livid and sickly, and even his queue hung limp and dejected, like a half-dead black snake. Seating myself near, I explained that I was the lawyer employed by his friends to represent him in this business, and to see him through his troubles generally. He moved ever so slightly away from me, and appeared distrustful, indifferent, and disinclined to converse about the matter at all, discovering a dogged persistence in keeping his own counsel that was at once baffling and exasperating. Taking firm hold of my patience, I carefully and thoroughly explained to him our relative positions, and demonstrated to him as clearly as possible how greatly it would facilitate matters if he would give me a definite and succinct account of his movements on the afternoon of the 24th of December from the time Mrs. Henderson left her home until his capture by the two Irishmen.

"Mellican man, bad man, velly bad," he said, mournfully; "burnee wash-house, stloy clo's, blake Chinaman all up," opening his hands and spreading them abroad, as though his own fragments were being disseminated into space.

"Not all of them. I am not bad," I replied, cheerfully. And finding that he would not volunteer information, I plied him with questions.

"Were you at home in your laundry when Mrs. Henderson left her house?"

Chin-Lee nodded.

"Did you see her leave?"

Again the affirmative motion.

"What were you doing?"

"Washee clo'."

"Did you go out on your roof to hang out clothes before or after Mrs. Henderson left home?"

"She gone, lilly baby gone—long time."

"Half-an-hour?"

Chin-Lee didn't know; it might have been; he had wrung out a big basket of clothes, and partially put them on the lines. He hadn't noticed the time.

"What made you drop the clothes and run to the edge of the roof?"

"Hear baby kly. Chin-Lee's baby—not lilly one."

"What made you go over there?"

"Chin-Lee's baby want him—do so," stretching out his hands and lifting them in imitation of a little child's beseeching motion to be taken up.

"How did you get in?"

"Pullee bell—nobody come—all gone but baby. Tly door, come open, latch out, no catchee."

"What did you do then?"

"Call baby, coming—Go upee stairs—get baby, bling baby to wash-house?"

"Wrapped in a blanket? Was that the bundle? What made you bring her out?"

"Love baby, fire burnee sweet lilly baby—Chin-Lee's lilly Mellican baby."

"Was the room on fire when you went in?" I asked, eagerly, the probable solution of the fire dawning in my mind.

The Chinaman glanced at me cautiously and sharply. "Matchee all put away," he said, quickly detecting my theory at a glance, "baby no find 'em," and then he relapsed into sullen and determined silence. In every conceivable way I put the query, but with the most distressing paucity of result. Chin-Lee was resolute in keeping his knowledge of the origin of the fire strictly to himself. That he knew more than he would tell I could not doubt, and finally the conclusion was arrived at in my own mind that if my client wasn't guilty himself, he knew who was, and for reasons of his own was shielding him. That he did not like Henderson himself was very apparent, although he acknowledged that he was paid promptly for his work. Mrs. Henderson, he allowed, indifferently, was a "velly good lady," but "no likee Chinaman," but when the little girl's name was mentioned, the fellow's whole countenance changed, softened, and grew tender and gentle.

In spite of Chin-Lee's assertion about the absence of matches, the idea hung around my mind persistently that the fire was the result of accident or carelessness, and that beyond rushing to the rescue of the child, Chin-Lee had nothing to do with it. What prevented his opening his mouth and telling what he knew I couldn't divine, unless some threat or crochod had stricken him dumb. I was completely baffled. The premises, being a mass of charred ruins, afforded little invitation for investigation, and the wash-house also was a total wreck, having been demolished by the mob the evening of the fire. Chinese testimony was worthless, legally, even if I could have commanded it, and at the time of the fire Chin-Lee's partner was away on their round delivering clothes, and the Celestial was alone in the laundry. I called on Mrs. Henderson, who was staying temporarily with friends in another part of the city, and found her well-disposed toward the Chinaman, whom—unlike her husband—she did not believe had set fire to her

house. She was worried, anxious, and slightly resentful; said her husband—most unjustly she thought—blamed *her* for leaving the house unprotected. He was very bitter against the Chinaman, she said, and angry whenever she excused and defended him. Little Mab, too, who was ailing and miserable from the combined effects of the shock, and a cold caught by sitting on the damp clothes in the Chinaman's wash-house, angered her father continually by asking and fretting after Chin-Lee, insomuch, that Henderson had actually spoken harshly to the baby, and even threatened to whip her for her "perverseness," as he termed it. In reply to my question about the possibility of the little one's having gotten hold of matches and caused the mischief herself, Mrs. Henderson assured me positively that it was altogether out of the question that she could have done so; she always kept her supply of matches in a tin box on the top shelf of a high press, entirely beyond the reach of a child of Mab's size, even with the aid of a chair; besides which, the press was locked and the key safe in her pocket along with her other keys. The origin of the fire was and always would be a mystery to her, for she had even taken the precaution to rake the fire down and close all the doors of the stove. She had often left one or both children in the house while she did errands, and no harm had come of it, and now, just because in some unexplained way the house had caught fire, her husband had blamed and chided *her*, and she thought it very hard. Feeling sorry for the poor, pretty young thing, who had about as much idea of the care and responsibility of a family as a kitten, I comforted her as well as I was able, and took my departure as much mystified as ever.

At the trial, to quote a famous Hoosier expression, I "put in my best licks" for Chin-Lee. I worked up my case on the theory of accident, with the suggestion thrown in that the child might have been the cause of the accident; enlarged on the love existing between the Chinaman and the child of his opposite neighbors, and on the devotion evinced by the fact of his having brought the little girl out of the building at a time when it was reasonable to suppose that the room was already in flames; proved previous steadiness and good character, and, in short, worked up my case for all it was worth. At one time I counted on a hung jury, but the prisoner's nationality was against him, in the then state of feeling against the Chinese, and the case for the prosecution was strong in the testimony of the two female witnesses already mentioned and the fact of a grudge being known to exist between Henderson and the Celestial. My best efforts only procured mitigation of the sentence to two years in the Penitentiary.

About five months after the sentence had gone into effect, I was surprised one morning in my

office by a call from Mrs. Henderson. The poor young thing looked pale and distressed, and I noticed that she was dressed in heavy mourning. At first, when she tried to unfold her errand, she broke down and sobbed wretchedly, but after awhile she regained her composure sufficiently to tell me of the death of her little girl a month before of child's consumption. The effect of the shock had shattered her nervous system to an unusual degree, so that she was terrified at the slightest thing and afraid of being left alone a moment; this nervous prostration, added to the heavy cold caught by contact with the damp clothes in Chin-Lee's basket, developed marasmus, which terminated fatally. All through her illness she had persistently fretted for "her Chiny," as she called her Celestial friend, to come and play with her; so that at last her mother had been obliged to invent a little story about Chin-Lee's having gone across the big blue ocean in a beautiful ship with flowers and flags and kites, to visit the little China boys and girls left behind in the Celestial kingdom, in order to pacify her child. One evening her father, thinking to please and amuse her, brought home some small Chinese fireworks, proposing to let them off in the room; but Mab screamed in terror at the sight of them, and began talking wildly and incoherently about little snakes in a pan on the stove and a big noise and light and "Chiny" having gone away to China so that he couldn't come and fetch her away from the light any more. The next day, when she was composed again, the mother inquired where Mab had seen fireworks before, and the little one replied, "In Chiny's wash-house." She had found some bright little snakes one day and carried them home unobserved for her dolly to play with. This set the mother thinking, and once she broached her theory to her husband, who pooh-pooled the whole thing. After that the little one grew worse daily, and all thought of anything outside the little fleeting life was far from the watchers beside the bed near which the angels were gathering closely.

This had all been more than a month before, and Mrs. Henderson had been too prostrated with grief to think about Chin-Lee, until that morning, when she chanced again on the packet of fireworks and determined to come at once to my office and unburden her mind.

"Find out if it is true, please," she entreated, tearfully. "He loved my baby if he was a heathen, and if my theory is correct he saved her life, and we sent him to prison for it."

Next day I visited Chin-Lee by special permit, and found him working at a shoemaker's bench, more pallid and forlorn than ever. After some desultory conversation I broke to him as gently as possible the tidings of little Mabyn's death, and was deeply moved by the poor fellow's grief; the

tears rolled down his wasted cheeks, and great sobs shook and convulsed his frame, and when, seeking to comfort him, I told of how the little one fretted after him and loved him to the last, he gave way utterly, and laid his head down on his arms, sobbing:

"Chin-Lee's lilly baby! Chin-Lee's sweet lilly Melican baby! Bad mans can't hurtee now; no catchee an' pntee in jail till lilly hands rot off."

After a time, when the violence of his grief was spent, I drew from the poor fellow the whole story of how he had heard a noise from the opposite house while he hung his clothes on the lines, and, knowing that "his baby" was in the house alone, had hurried to the edge of the roof in time to see a sheet of flame dart up from the top of the stove and catch to the flimsy mantel lambrequin. He had glanced up and down the street for aid, and then torn down to the lower floor and fled across to the opposite house, filled with but one thought—to get to the little one, whom he had fancied he saw through the flames holding out her arms to him entreatingly. Fortunately, the latch had failed to catch when Mrs. Henderson locked the door, so that he effected an instant entrance into the house. He found the child lying on the floor, some distance from the stove, with her face and hands blackened and her clothes scorched, but otherwise uninjured, wrapped her in a blanket, and carried her away to his wash-house. The draught from the open door fanned the flames, and when he came out on the street again to give the alarm he found a crowd already collected, and was seized upon violently by two Irishmen, who accused him of having set fire to the house, and would not listen to a word he said. Then the crowd yelled and threatened, and some one made the threat about the "hand, large or small, of man, woman, or child, yellow, white, black, or brown, who fired a house in that city" having to rot off in jail in expiation of the offense. And so the poor Celestial, thoroughly bewildered, and knowing by the smell of powder and signs of disorder in the room that little Mabyn must have put some explosive on top of the stove and so caused the disaster, closed his mouth tightly, convinced by his own experience that if he spoke "his baby" would be torn from her mother and home, and left to languish alone in a jail "until her little hands should rot off."

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Away over in another part of the city stands a neat new laundry, and down the middle of the door is a row of queer figures which stand for Chin-Lee, who was pardoned by the Governor for the crime he never committed, and whose present prosperity is mainly due to the exertions of the Hendersons and a few other friends who know the story. And in the sad God's-acre at Lone Mountain is a little grave that, in addition to the sweet, fresh flowers supplied by maternal tenderness, is

decorated curiously with bright little Chinese flags and golden mottoes in the Chinese tongue, like scraps of tea-paper, which the mother in her visits has not the heart to take away, for she knows that they are offerings of love from Chin-Lee to "his baby."

M. G. McCLELLAND.

## A VISIT TO THE EXPOSITION.

"COME and go with me to the great Exposition at New Orleans," said my friend Janet, one day late in February. The sudden proposal almost took away my breath, and at first some apparently good reasons why I should not go rose to my lips. "Never mind about the objections now," said Janet; "we'll start next week and consider them when on the way, if you wish."

So, after a night's deliberation, I decided in the affirmative, and we went, coaxing Cousin Harry into accompanying us to see that we did not get lost or crushed in the countless throngs of travelers and visitors.

Now of all cities in America, New Orleans was the one I most wished to see, especially since reading Cable's descriptions of scenes and people in the old French and Spanish districts; but having no friends there and no one of my own to take me, had not the least idea of such a desire being gratified. It was also Janet's first journey southward to the land whose ever-verdant winters we had often heard of but found it hard to imagine, and when, on the day after leaving our homes still surrounded by snow and ice, we found ourselves in this balmy atmosphere, with warm, sunny skies overhead and green trees and blooming flowers on every hand, we felt almost as if we had been transported to fairy-land. The orange blossoms were just opening into fragrant beauty, the borders along many of the garden-walks were purple with sweet violets, and the roses and geraniums sent us into raptures. In our first enjoyment of them we decked ourselves morning and evening, until Harry declared we were like walking flower-beds.

"Of course, we will wear as many of them as we can while such an opportunity for it lasts," said Janet. "Why, it would take almost a month's pin-money to buy at home, at this season, what we can wear here in one evening for nothing."

The hostess of our pleasant private boarding-house had a sweet young daughter, who, seeing our delight over them, took pleasure in bringing us floral offerings every day during our stay from their own and adjacent lovely yards; so we were especially favored in this respect.

On the first morning after our arrival, we started out as soon as our late breakfast was over for the Exposition grounds. Taking one of the main street-car lines, we had a ride of about three miles

on one of the most beautiful avenues of the city where the most charming yards, filled with green shrubbery and blooming flowers, lined the way on either side and delighted our eyes continually. But when we reached our destination and entered that immense building, all else was forgotten in the admiration and wonder which the vast display spread out on every hand excited in our minds. Where to begin our round was a question at first, but as we had heard so much of the display from Mexico, which was close at hand, and were anxious to know more of the skill and productions of these neighbors whose attainments we had been so ignorant of heretofore, we made our way as soon as possible to that department.

This exhibit is the largest one outside the United States and comprises almost everything—different woods, marbles, fruits, fine paintings, beautiful textile fabrics, embroidery, and feather-work that was a marvel in its way. And the music of their large band of musicians was perfectly enchanting. On days when they gave their concerts we sat for two hours or more absorbed in listening to the most beautiful operas, Spanish dances, fandangos, etc., exquisitely played. Altogether, we found that the Mexicans were a much more advanced and intelligent people in many ways than we had supposed, before we were through with inspecting their collection.

We spent our first two days in the Main Building, where it was so interesting to watch the manufacture of numberless articles of such infinite variety which the busy workers were turning off all the time, from the weaving of elegant silks and woolen goods to the making of a thimble or button. Among them, few sights were more entertaining than the manufacture of spool-cotton through all its processes, from putting the lock of raw cotton in the machine to its coming out at last on the spool, labeled and ready for sale. The weaving of skirt-braids and making pepper-boxes and filling them with ground pepper was curious and amusing to watch. Samples of thread, needles, mustard, cocoa, etc., were handed out continually to visitors.

We stopped at the dainty little Chinese pagoda, "Ho-No-Yea-Hong," and got our cup of tea, as did the rest of the throng, which, of course, tasted just as if made in China.

The Japanese and Chinese displays disappointed us, being small and not so varied as we expected, though, of course, we saw superb silks and some curious and beautiful work, such as we had already seen of theirs in Northern cities.

Russia had a large exhibit—elegant furs, malachite and lapis-lazuli tables, mounted in brass, worth many hundreds of dollars; bronze statues, and much fine work in brass, besides a showing of smaller trifles of bric-a-bac. I brought away a cunning little bowl of wood, gilded and



painted in figures, as a memento and an ornament for the *etagère*.

The exquisite laces of Belgium of course delighted our feminine eyes and made us almost covetous. Then the collections from Egypt and Turkey and Jerusalem were all interesting. The delicately carved amber jewelry, pretty fancy articles of olive wood, and little oddities of various kinds from the latter place, were particularly worth noticing. I almost forgot to mention the huge block of solid silver from Mexico, worth over a million of dollars, which had its place in the centre of the Main Building, and a miner's cabin built of gold and silver ore.

On the third day we commenced exploring the Government Building, and spent most of the week there, going over to "Horticultural Hall" for an hour or two several times to enjoy the beauty and sweetness of the floral treasures gathered there and see for the first time the curious exotics of the tropics. The immense collection of orchids was a feast in itself, growing in such odd shapes and positions, hanging from old wood or rocks, arranged around the wall, and many of them with brilliant flowers. And oh! such hyacinths and pansies! The latter were the largest I ever saw, and too lovely for anything, with all their varied, rich colors.

But we were disappointed at not seeing more variety of tropical plants, and learned that they were waiting for warmer weather to come before bringing the most tender, delicate ones from those still warmer climes. We had the pleasure, however, of seeing a pine-apple tree with the fruit upon it, also a date-palm, and some fine varieties of aloes and cacti from Mexico, two of the latter raising their single stalks to the height of forty feet.

The "Government Building" is filled chiefly with the exhibits of our own States, most of which are very creditable, some magnificent. I can take time to mention very few in detail. Arizona's large collection of beautiful ores, minerals, and petrified woods claimed my especial attention, as did also the beautiful marbles of Vermont and mammoth vegetables of Dakota and fossil remains of long-extinct animals from various parts of the country. There were beautiful manufactured goods from many sections of the North, and some of the Southern States showed up very well in the same respect. Such displays of silverware and jewelry, silks and velvets, curtains, furniture, carpets, etc., we could not stop to look at half of them.

The fruit exhibits of California and Arkansas were the finest there—the latter carrying off the palm for the largest apples and several other fruits. Her cereals, ores, various woods, and several other natural products show her to be a State of splendid resources and fine cultivation, while her manufacturers are beginning to take an honorable place

among those of her adjacent sisters. California had likewise fine specimens of different woods and grains, and the section of her big tree was simply wonderful to look at. Though cut one hundred feet from the base, it measured twenty-two feet in diameter, including the bark, which was two feet thick.

But we lingered longest in the Department of "Women's Work," in one of the upper galleries, where the collected evidences of everything beautiful that woman can do were spread around us—wood-carving, painting, embroidery, fine needle-work—a bewildering mass, too varied to enumerate. The exquisite lace-work and painting on china sent me into raptures, and Janet wanted to carry off two or three crazy quilts that were marvels of ingenuity and beauty. I purchased a small china plaque as a souvenir of this department—a tiny landscape, with a bit of water and some figures in bright coloring in the foreground, and a church tower rising among the trees beyond. Harry was ensnared by a moustache cup bearing a spray of apple-blossoms—which you could almost smell—with two little robins perched upon it.

On the principle of saving the best until the last, we reserved the "Art Gallery" for the last days, and then reveled in the creations of the best painters of our times, as well as those of long ago. Here, again, on first entering, we were struck with admiration and wonder at the skill and cultivation of the Mexicans, as evinced by some of their paintings, even as far back as the early part of the last century. One of these oldest—"The Wise Men of the East adoring the Infant Saviour"—showed fine power of conception and execution as well as great beauty. One of the best pictures and most striking subjects was in the Belgian Gallery, a scene in the destruction of Pompeii, where the family of Diomedes are retreating to the cellar to escape from the burning lava. In the foreground the old man's daughter lies prostrate with terror, clad in rich robes, her jeweled veil falling from her dark hair, and the contents of a jewel casket, caught up in her flight, are scattered around. The face of an older woman is grand in its look of horror, expectancy, and despair. In the background through an opening, as it were, is seen the lurid glow of the eruption of Vesuvius.

In our American Gallery, "Christian Martyrs in the Coliseum," awaiting their hour to be thrown to the lions, was terrible in its life-like portrayal, but too painful to look at long. I enjoyed much more Thomas Hill's "Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone" and his "Yosemite Valley." In the latter it is grand to note how the light, falling on the sides of these great peaks, brings out so many different hues, while their summits are bathed in its rich glow, which in the distant background melts into a soft haze.



But with the exception of this last picture, those I really admired most, or thought most beautiful, were among the smaller landscapes and sea-views. The effect of moonlight on the water and the ships in some; the light and shade and blending of rich colors in autumnal scenes, old rocks, ruins, castles, etc., and quiet woodland scenes, charmed and kept me lingering before them until my companions would fairly force me away. Yet all this pleasure had to come to an end before long, and on the ninth day we bade final good-bye to the Exposition, taking a last look as we left at the old "Liberty Bell," now standing under the shade of giant oaks in the grounds.

Two more days were spent in visiting the great lake resorts, "Spanish Fort" and "West End," where we saw much that was lovely—the cemeteries, so strange to Northern eyes, with their occupants all laid away in marble palaces or plain brick and stone cells, above the ground; the fine old French cathedral, and some curious old houses in the French quarter.

Then we bade a reluctant farewell to this beautiful, sunny land, and started homeward, with a rich store of information with which to entertain friends who had not been so fortunate as to make this tour, as well as a host of delightful recollections for ourselves. EDNA.

### AT SUNSET.

THE fair day closes calm and still,  
The red sun sinks behind the hill;  
Above the hill, in varied hue,  
The red cloud quivers through the blue.

Through fields of corn, through crowds of trees,  
One breeze doth chase another breeze,  
They twirl the leaves and stir the grass,  
And bend the flowers as they pass;  
They shake the vines that clamber o'er  
And round about a farm-house door;  
And fan the cheeks and brush the hair  
Of an aged couple sitting there.

Oh! ripened are the corn-fields and flaming are  
the leaves,  
And the breeze that stirs the mellow land is not a  
languid breeze.  
Oh! brilliant are the flowers that will feel the  
touch of frost,  
And glorious the sunset-sky that the full noon-day  
lost;  
And beautiful each countenance of the aged man  
and wife,  
Who sit within the doorway near the tranquil  
close of life.

GRACE HOLMES.

### A GOOD SAMARITAN.

SIX o'clock of a long, sultry day, which had dragged out its wearisome hours without a breath of wind to lift the pressure that seemed to almost smother life in the great city. Six o'clock! the hour of release to the myriad of pale, heavy eyed workers, who measure out largess of flesh and blood for dole of daily bread.

In one of the great houses a pale, slender girl stood slowly putting on her hat and gloves. She was well-dressed, as the rules of the house required; pretty, too, as was also one of the unwritten rules of the house. There were many rules; some of which were posted upon the walls, where they might be easily read and remembered. Avis Travers paused before one of them as she passed slowly by on her way out.

"No salary paid to any employee, except at the end of each month!"

This was what she read, and went thoughtfully on by, just as she had been doing daily ever since she had been an employee of Messrs. Flint & Grindem. But, somehow, to-night it seemed to glare upon her, and the letters seem to grin and jibber at her as if each one were a little demon of distinct individuality. Even after she was out in the open air, she seemed to see the red letters of the placard swinging and jeering before her face.

"It is because my head aches," she said, passing her fingers over her eyes that felt so blurred and hot, "and because I am so tired and—hungry!" At the last word she turned and looked about her in dismay, for the sound of her voice made her aware that she had spoken these last words aloud. Aroused, she hurried on. But her steps were uncertain, like those of one recently recovered from illness. It was thirty six hours since she had tasted food of any kind; for days before she had sustained life on the most meager fare, that would enable her to keep on her feet and perform her required labor. Now the last cent was gone, and fourteen days of the month yet remained.

She reached the bridge over which she must pass on her homeward way and paused a moment, holding to the railing. The street cars rumbling by seemed to utter the words of the placard close to her aching head; the timbers of the bridge seemed to dance to the discordant measure; the lights on the boats along the river seemed to wink and leer at her like fiery eyes. She stopped but an instant; a slurring remark from some passing ruffian sent her on her way like the spur to a jaded horse.

"Thank God, I have at least a respectable place to die in!" she murmured, under her breath, as she entered a handsome house on one of the prominent streets, and climbed with weak feet the softly carpeted stairs.

Her room lay cool and silent in the gathering

darkness. She flung herself across the bed, faint and almost senseless. Even hunger yielded to her great weariness, and she slept.

A few weeks before she had come to the city, eager and hopeful. Her little purse held a sum that would have seemed a sad pittance to any experienced eye, but that seemed to simple Avis Travers, who had never had ten dollars of her own at any one time in all her life, almost a fortune. While her gruff old uncle lived she had hardly known whether she had any real claim on her own soul and body or not, so much had she always been ignored; and so when the old man had been laid away in the churchyard of the quiet little village, where he had chosen to end the last days of his restless life, she was left, almost as ignorant and helpless as a child, to face the world alone. As far as she knew she had now no relative on earth. Once she had ventured to ask her uncle something of her kindred, but he had told her gruffly that she had no one but him, so the quaint little air-castles that she sometimes wistfully built up, in which a fond unknown father came to bear her away to the loving care that she had never known, fell in ruins to the ground, and the lonely girl accepted patiently her loveless lot. Not that her uncle was really unkind to her, but he seemed to hold her only as a quiet machine constructed to wait on him, bear his changing humors, and yield him unquestioning obedience.

Only at his death, when, suddenly smitten by paralysis, he lay helpless before her, he made distressed efforts to speak to her; but as his tongue refused its office the slow tears coursed down his cheeks, and, feebly turning his face away, with a long sigh he passed over the border.

Among his few effects was a sum sufficient to defray all necessary expenses and leave a little stipend for the friendless girl, but not a letter or paper to give a clue to their past life or circumstances. So there was nothing left for Avis but to give up their humble rooms and drift out into the world to win a living as she could.

Out of her world, held within the covers of the books that had been almost her only friends, she gathered her advice and decided her course. All her heroines had sought and found aid in the city; so to the city she decided to go. With her little fortune to start with surely she must succeed. It was not as if she must start penniless, as so many of those poor creatures in the books had done. A few days of patient effort and some position would open to her. Under this fond delusion she had arranged her plans and hopefully waited. She had engaged a good room in a pleasant locality, paying a month in advance, that she might have a convenient and respectable home. She had also replenished her scanty wardrobe, catching with quick womanly tact the fact that her appearance must be like that of others to insure a chance of

success; for she found, during the dreary days that so rapidly turned her romantic ideals into practical facts, that there was almost nothing that she could do and that scores of applicants stood waiting for every vacancy.

She no longer aspired to anything higher than a position in some shop or store where she might begin to replenish the contents of the purse that was now so nearly empty. Day after day she dragged her weary feet up to her room to eat the humble lunch that she allowed herself, and passed half the nights in restless anxiety for the future that looked so dark.

But at last she was rewarded by finding a position in the great establishment of Flint & Grindem, to utilize her fine, graceful, young form as a figure on which to display their cloaks and dresses to admiring customers. But even this she accepted gratefully. On her tired feet she stood day after day, walking back and forth, pulled here and turned there, as if she had been a thing of wires and springs instead of human flesh and blood, eating only half enough to sustain her strength in the effort to make her little store of money last until the end of that long, dreadful month. But it melted away terribly fast in spite of all her self-denial. Sometimes she thought she would confide her trouble to her landlady, but the sight of that cold, forbidding countenance and hard eye always froze the words in her throat and ended in reducing her simple fare to its least possible dimensions.

But at last the end had come. Breakfastless she had gone to her work, looking eagerly as she went, thinking, "Providence may offer some way for me; perhaps I may find a dime that will buy bread to-day." But no good angel led her to the hoped-for gift. Her healthy young stomach craved its due and rebelled cruelly that it was denied. The poor girl dared not lift her eyes to the windows where food was displayed; the smell of the cooking from the restaurants turned her sick and giddy with the fierce, gnawing pangs of hunger.

All day she struggled through her duties like one in a dream. How horrible all this battle seemed—this painful effort to prolong the struggle when every instinct of reason told her that death would open for her a life so much fairer and better, free from all such pain and trouble. She thought back to the days with her uncle—the life that seemed so hard then now lay before her memory like a lost Eden. Then, her uncle had always cared for her. Now, if she lived or if she died was a matter of interest to no one but herself. Somehow this seemed her first conscious thought when she again opened her eyes and sat up in her dusky room.

After a moment she arose and groped her way to the door. A strange feeling, as of a nightmare, oppressed her. Even as she passed down the stairs and mingled with the busy current of life

flowing down the street, she felt as if she were walking in a dream. Her steps led onward again to the bridge—for this was the great City of Bridges—and span after span cast their dark shadows across the sluggish river.

Arrived where the shadow lay darkest, she looked down into the murky tide. Drifts of refuse floated slowly over the inky surface. A thin fog had gathered, obscuring, as with a misty veil, the boat-lights dotting the course of the stream. Far down—in the depths, as it seemed—floated and flickered the pale reflection of the stars.

She dared not stop here now; the human tide beside her carried her on, on, and on, until her feet dragged and her brain whirled with pain. Then she turned and hurried back. A wild longing seized her to have the torture over and be at rest. She felt that she could not endure the slow agony of starvation, and that self-destruction was her last resort.

Only an occasional footstep sounded on the bridge as she again neared the shadow of its arches. All was deserted as she crouched in the shelter of a dark angle—only a moment, to offer one brief prayer for the mad soul about to enter eternity. She lifted her bowed head and raised her arms for the fatal plunge, when a strong hand stayed her.

"Hold a bit, my girl!" said a not unkindly voice, quietly. "It is worth while to think twice before you give up to the devil! and it's only the devil would be mean enough to tempt a body into the dirtiest stream between Maine and Texas!"

She looked at him with wild, frightened eyes—a short, burly figure, with strong, homely face, and a policeman's star upon his breast.

"Some one is coming!" he said; "take hold of my arm and walk on quietly. I want to talk to you. You need not be frightened," he said, reassuringly, as he felt her trembling violently; "I've been watching you, and old Tom Rawley knows a bad one when he sees her. I know you are in trouble, and I've got a little girl of my own at home about like you—God bless her! She may need a friend herself some day! So if you'll tell old Tom your trouble he'll stand your friend this time."

"Thank you," she said, "but I will not trouble you. I was mad to attempt such a thing! I will go home now, please."

He looked at her keenly as they passed under a street lamp.

"See here, child," he said; "you come home with me to night. We're plain folks, but I've got a little wife that has a heart big enough to take in all the friendless ones in the city if she could, and she will give you a good supper and a clean bed and cheer you up till you won't feel like the same person that you do now. Come now! you won't

be the first one that Jennie has been a friend to. She'll be waiting just about now, with a nice little supper and hot coffee, and a smile for her old husband that it would warm your heart to see. Then you shall tell her your trouble, and it'll be a pretty bad one if Jennie can't see the way out!"

A sudden sob rose in the girl's throat at thought of the bright home picture, but she shook her head. Some sudden instinct of worldly prudence warned her that she must reject even this kind offer, genuine she felt assured. But the grim face of her landlady rising before her mind's eye decided her to let only her own room give her shelter.

"Thank you," she said, "but I think I had better go home."

"Have you a home?" questioned her companion, abruptly.

"Oh! yes," she answered. "I have a room at No. 204 — Avenue."

"Ah! that's a good place. Any friends in the city?"

"Not one!" she said, with a catch in the brief words.

A few steps they walked in silence; then, passing under the glare of a street lamp, the man looked keenly into the girl's face. Perhaps by some inspiration, or because the eyes of a policeman learn to read signs that others might pass by, the truth flashed upon him.

"Child, you are hungry!" he exclaimed.

It did not need more than the stifled sob of the unsteady figure leaning heavily upon his arm to convince him that he was right. He passed on to the end of the block to give her time to recover herself, then entered a pleasant little restaurant and seated her at a retired table.

"See here!" he said to the waiter, "bring in a good hot supper here—the best you've got—and look lively about it. My sister has been traveling all day and is fagged out—pretty near sick! You'll get an extra quarter if you hurry up!"

"Jess in five minutes, sah!" said the ready waiter, and very soon honest Tom Rawley had the satisfaction of seeing the color creeping slowly back into the pallid young face before him as he sat and talked about Jennie and his own pretty daughter and the quaint sayings of baby Tom, named after him, that this poor, starving little girl, who looked so hollow-eyed and wan, might satisfy her hunger without embarrassment or haste.

And then when she drew back and lifted her grateful eyes to his, he took her again upon his arm and went with her to her own door, answering her thanks with only a hearty, "It's all right! only don't you ever think of giving up to the devil again!"

"No, sir! I promise you!" she replied, and went up the stairs that she had expected to never mount

again, and in five minutes was sleeping like a baby.

Long did the good policeman and his little wife linger over the supper that night, and Jennie lifted her apron more than once to her eyes before the story was done. And the two stood and looked with thankful eyes at their own rosy, brown-haired daughter, as she slumbered with baby Tom by her side, and Jennie murmured, "Thank God it's not our lassie, Tom!"

"Aye, aye!" said Tom, heartily.

The next morning early, Avis arose and dressed with a new hope in her heart, a peace and courage that she had not known for many days. With her new strength she seemed to have regained her vigor of thought and awakened from a nightmare of trouble. She knew now what to do; she wondered that through all her distress she had not thought of it before. She must pawn some of her clothing. She did not know where to go or what to do to accomplish her object, but she could inquire of some one on the street, some one who would not know her or think strange of this hard mission from which she shrank.

She began selecting from her few articles of value those which she could best spare. But before she had done there came a rap at the door.

"A letter for you, Miss," said the servant, handing her an envelope.

Avis stood and looked at it in astonishment. How could it possibly be for her, who had not a correspondent in the world? But all at once, with a great horror at her heart, she thought: "It is from my employers! I have lost my situation!"

With trembling fingers she tore it open. A crisp, ten-dollar bill lay folded in the sheet of paper, with these words:

"From Jennie.

"Use it, and God bless you."

Then Avis Travers fell upon her knees and thanked God for this proof of His Divine care for her, and asked His blessing for these unknown friends who had been His almoners.

With a light heart she went to a satisfying breakfast and then to her work, with so much light shining in her eyes that even her busy taskmistress unbent to remark:

"You must have had good news, Miss Travers, you look so happy."

"Yes," Avis answered, smiling.

Now she looked almost defiantly at the red placard staring at her from the wall and turned with a chill shudder from the frequent accounts of those poor souls "found drowned in the river."

Weeks, and then months, went by. She still went daily to her monotonous promenade between great piles of fine merchandise, endured patiently

the twirling and twisting and pulling, even enjoyed, in her own way, the manifold phases of human nature displayed before her. She was not so lonely now; she had found acquaintances among other young creatures pent up like herself in the great work-rooms, and had, too, her own quiet pleasures and pastimes.

She had her evenings with her books and sometimes she was honored with the company of her grim landlady to some evening entertainment. On the whole, she was content and happy.

Going to and from her work she always looked for her policeman. She wished so much to see him and thank him again for his generous kindness and return to him that loan, which she always now carried with her in readiness for any chance meeting. But she never saw him, and she had been unable to recall the name which she was sure she had heard him speak on that night so eventful to her.

"O Miss Travers!" suddenly called one of the girls, as they sat eating their noon-day lunch one day at the store, "this must be meant for you! Just listen." And, smoothing out the paper that held her luncheon, she read from the "Personals" as follows:

"If Martin Travers or Avis Travers, his niece, should see this notice, please communicate at once with Messrs. Brown & Slocum, Tribune Building, etc."

Avis looked at this notice eagerly. It was certainly intended for her. Martin Travers was her uncle's name, and it was she herself who must reply to this unexpected message. The paper was dated several days before. What could it mean—this inquiry which was awaiting her answer? As soon as the day's work was done she hurried to the address given in the notice, but found the doors locked.

"You don't find them fellers in after four o'clock," volunteered a small boy, as she turned away. "Them's big bugs that don't have to work all day. Count over their money and go home to a recherchy dinner at five o'clock! Tata!" And with a final grimace the urchin disappeared down the balustrade.

"I must write, I suppose," sighed the girl, impatiently, "but I do hate to wait. What if I have a father and mother after all!"

Her letter was written and posted that evening, and she did her work the next day in a state of feverish excitement. But about four o'clock in the afternoon a messenger came to the room, requesting Miss Travers to go down to the office of her employers, where she was introduced to Mr. Slocum and received with distinguished attention.

"I am very greatly pleased to have found you so readily, Miss Travers, and I shall hope to have the pleasure of your company at dinner to-day.

My carriage is waiting, and if you will just put on your bonnet we will go at once."

Then, seeing her glance hesitatingly at her employer, he said:

"Ah! yes, Mr. Flint understands. Just go right on—we have quite a little drive before us."

Flushed and eager, Avis was led to the elegant carriage that was waiting, and was soon whirling away, like Cinderella in the fairy tale.

"Now," began Mr. Slocum, blandly, "I suppose you are prepared to prove that you are really the niece of Mr. Martin Travers, deceased?"

Avis paused thoughtfully.

"I do not know," she said slowly. "When my uncle died he did not leave any letters or papers that we could find. It was always his habit to burn all his letters as soon as he read them."

"Yes, yes," responded Mr. Slocum, "queer old fellow! All his important papers he sent us. I suppose you can tell us something about where you lived, when, and so on? We were always posted till all at once we ceased to hear from him, and after a few months concluded we ought to hunt him up."

So Avis told him all that she could remember of their journeyings, and all the incidents that would be likely to aid in establishing her identity.

"I have no doubt it is all right," said Mr. Slocum, finally, "but there are certain forms of business to be observed, especially where matters of importance are involved. I suppose you don't happen to have any portrait of your late uncle?"

"Oh! yes," she answered, "I have one, but it is not very good, it was taken a long time ago."

"All the better for that!" said Mr. Slocum, briskly; "to-morrow we'll take a look at it, just as a matter of form, my dear young lady! But now here we are at home, and I'll introduce you to my good wife. She will be glad to see the niece of our old friend. We knew him when he was a young man."

Avis was very cordially received, and after dinner, sitting with her new friends, she heard the mystery explained.

Martin Travers and his sister were heirs to an immense fortune, without other kindred. Being much older than his sister, Martin had been like father, guardian, and brother in one. She was the idol of his life, until she finally contracted a marriage to which he was most bitterly opposed, only to find that she was the victim of a fortune hunter, who broke her heart with cruelty and neglect, and finally got her money into his hands and abandoned her. She survived this perfdy but a short time, and dying, gave her little daughter into her brother's keeping. Then he had decided on his course. The child should not bear her father's name, and should not know of his existence. She should grow up in retirement, and never be the

prey of fortune-seekers, as her mother had been, nor should her father be able to get any clue to her. For fifteen years he rigidly adhered to this determination, as we have seen.

"And now, my dear Miss Travers," concluded Mr. Slocum, "allow us to congratulate you as one of the richest ladies in this city. Your uncle's will, now in our hands, names you as his sole heir, and we hold your fortune at your disposal."

"But my father?" she said.

"Your father is no longer living," was the reply; "he died two years ago, leaving nothing of the wealth he had once possessed. One proviso of your uncle's will is that you shall not even seek to know his name."

And so Avis Travers was no more poor and friendless, but she kept her own faithful heart, and when one day she read of the dangerous injury of one Tom Rawley, an ex-policeman, it suddenly came back to her that this was her long-sought friend, and she hastened at once to his home.

There, indeed, she found him, with his loyal wife beside him; but no help of hers could aid him now: a few hours of agony, and then the life ebbed out of as grand a heart as ever beat in a good man's bosom. All that money could do was done for poor stricken Jennie and her children, and close at her side stood her staunch friend mingling her tears with theirs over the grave of this good friend, who had been to her "the good Samaritan," and never in all the changes of life will she consider her debt paid to the dear ones of her friend, who was raised up by the Lord in the hour of her extremity.

FAUSTINE.

THE fan had a curious origin, according to the subjoined story. One evening when the beautiful Kau Si, daughter of a powerful Chinese mandarin, was assisting at the grand feast of lanterns, she was so overcome by the heat that she was obliged to take off her mask. But to expose her face to the eyes of the profane and vulgar was a serious offense against the law, so, holding the mask as closely as possible to her features, she rapidly fluttered it to give herself air, and the rapidity of the movement still concealed her. The other ladies present, witnessing this hardy but charming innovation, imitated it, and at once ten thousand hands were fluttering ten thousand masks. Thus the fan was evolved and took the place of the mask.

IN married life there should be sympathy—companionship. The husband and wife should be friends and comrades, without a thought of getting the better of each other. They should join hands at the altar with the idea of being made one. There can be no true love where the thought of mystery enters the mind.



## THE NEW HYGIENE.

AT the recent commencement of the Woman's Medical College, held in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, Dr. W. W. Keen, in addressing the graduates, said much that should be of great interest to women in general. Dr. Keen is always a pleasing orator, but this time he surpassed himself. Although his discourse was largely technical, he held his immense audience spell bound for more than an hour, and this, not because of the speaker's wonderful learning—both known and displayed—but because through all and above all was evident his enlightened humanity. Medical science, in his estimation, did not merely offer opportunities for the physician to show his skill, but it gave to the earnest, conscientious student the means of alleviating human suffering and lengthening human life.

It would be difficult for an observer to see how the young women graduates listening to Dr. Keen's seemingly inspired utterances could fail to catch at least some of his enthusiasm, moderated though he endeavored to keep it. To them, entrance upon professional life ought to be something akin to the consecration of apostles—they should walk through the world, like angelic messengers of healing, utterly oblivious of the taunting remarks of the ignorant or the uncharitable, free, also, from any mere social pride in their vocation or any desire to make their calling a simple means of money-getting. And we know that no one woman or set of women can be elevated in any degree without thereby aiding in the elevation of all womankind. Hence the interest which Dr. Keen's address to this class of graduates ought to possess for women in general.

Should this class—or one of this class—do anything in the future materially aiding in the elevation of womankind, how would it be? According to Dr. Keen, by continuing their, or her, studies and pursuing original investigations, the object of which should be the discovery of means of preventing disease, annihilating pain, and adding to the years of human life. And one of the most promising fields for original research is vivisection.

The feminine reader, at this point, may interrupt me with a cry of horror. Vivisection means cutting living animals! she exclaims. Is it delicate and womanly for women to give cruelty to animals? is it even right for men to do so? My questioning reader but voices a certain popular sentiment against vivisection, but this sentiment, as will be shown from the words of the speaker quoted, is merely a fanciful one, which the facts in the case do not justify.

"Medicine, in future," said Dr. Keen, "must grow worse, stand still, or grow better. To grow worse, we must forget our present knowledge; to stand still, we must accept our present knowledge

as a finality; to grow better, we must try new methods, give new drugs, perform new operations, or, in other words, try experiments. Dead bodies teach only manual dexterity—so experiments must be tried either upon animals or upon you. In many cases they involve great risk to life and health. It would be unwise and cruel to forego their blessings from a lack of knowledge of their effects. We should not refuse to pain or even slay a few animals that thousands of men and animals might live."

The speaker recited the history of medical science for the last thirty years, showing what remarkable advances had been made and what triumphs surgery had achieved, particularly as the result of experiments upon animals. Women have largely been the gainers, yet many to-day, women among the number, are proving themselves, by their outcries and concerted action, more anxious that a few animals should be saved from the surgeon's knife or disease-germs than that millions of their fellow-beings should escape pain and death in future. What short-sighted policy! Oh! that every intelligent woman who may read this could have heard Dr. Keen in the Academy of Music and then gone home and inquired whether a water-company were not cruelly inoculating the inmates of *her* house with cholera, because the law had interfered to save a few mice from being, it would appear, still more cruelly inoculated with the cholera-germ! Ah! now you start—this is bringing the whole question very near home. It means, study experimental hygiene for yourself. You, personally, may not chloroform a cat, but you can at least refrain from raising your hands in holy horror and exclaiming: "How wicked!" when a young woman doctor across the street does so. Had you, and such as you, refrained from such exclamations, or had you not followed such exclamations by one-sided appeals to law, such plagues as have devastated Norfolk and Memphis might have been stamped out years ago.

When Dr. Wood, of Philadelphia, subjected dogs to a temperature of one hundred and thirty degrees, he was denounced as "baking them alive." But this is no greater heat than many of our laborers are exposed to during torrid summer days. Which is of more value, a dog or a man? If he happens to be *your* father or husband, you probably say, a man; but I have written *probably*, as I cannot be sure—I have heard so much silly sentimentalism on the subject. To quote Dr. Keen further: "Nothing was known of the phenomena of sunstroke until Wood's recent and accurate experiments upon animals—it has been discovered that a close connection exists between common fevers and sunstroke." Fevers and sunstroke can now be treated successfully—but alas! for the poor baked dogs!

The statistics prove that more than twenty thousand persons are killed annually in India by snake-bites, for which no antidote has yet been found. Dr. Brinton, in London, began experiments with snake-poison upon animals, but he was stopped by the British Government, "and the holocaust goes on." A dozen dogs were of more value to the great English nation than millions of her subjects! Ah, women of humane instincts—who call laborious, conscientious physicians murderers, and form societies to protect rabbits and mice from the rapacity of these murderers—you are far less humane than the heroic mothers of olden time, who freely offered their children that plagues might be stayed!

How would some of these old-time mothers feel to-day if they could be told that if they had only washed their children these same children might have been spared to them? Similarly, how will you feel, if you ever discover that by letting one of your kittens or chickens go, you might have saved your entire village?

I began by quoting Dr. Keen and a class of women graduates in medicine; I wound up, at this stage, by talking at you—you being presumed to be an intelligent woman. What do I mean by it all? I mean, inform yourselves upon the live questions of the day—perhaps the live question of the hour is the problem of hygienic living. A new sisterhood of women physicians, from the best and oldest medical college for women in the world, have just started out, prepared to grapple with this problem; prepare yourselves to meet and aid them. They intend to do just what their noble forerunners, Dr. Keen among the number, are doing—endeavoring to find every possible alleviation for human suffering. Can you not help in the good work, ever so little, by voice, by influence, or by personal example?

The subject of hygiene is not a new one to you. You already believe in plenty of pure air and pure water. You complacently imagine that you know more than your grandmother did. You remember smiling when she told you how, in her early days, consumption was considered the scourge of America, cutting off so many young girls in their beauty—smiling, because you knew that these same young girls wore slippers and muslin capes all winter, and never heard of merino underwear. You don't believe consumption is inflicted upon any one in particular, simply because it is God's will. But are you prepared to learn, or do you already know, that consumption is contagious—that its phases can be foretold and its dangers, so to speak, headed off? that it can be prevented altogether? How did all this become known? you ask. By experiments upon mice.

Did you really think, as I did until recently, that every disease known was a certain something foreordained to exist, by way of giving variety—

painful and disagreeable, it might be, but still variety—to life? But this is not the case. In the abstract there is no such thing as disease—it is merely broken law. When man finds a new way to break a law he creates a new disease, directly or indirectly; when man abandons an old way of breaking a law, an old disease dies out, sooner or later. To illustrate: the early navigators, as Captain Cook, lost many of their men by scurvy, but to day the disease is unknown, because every vessel carries an abundance of vegetables. The cause of the trouble has been discovered, and the disease itself annihilated.

Disease, then, is to be annihilated altogether. That is what hygiene means—that is the ideal toward which our best and wisest physicians are pressing. Disease is an interruption of God's providence; the true physician must remove that interruption, so that God's providence may work freely. What are the lives of a few animals in comparison to this glorious end?

This is the form in which the whole question must, sooner or later, meet every man and, more particularly, every woman throughout the country. So, now you see why I began by quoting Dr. Keen and a class of women graduates in medicine, and wound up by talking at you. Dr. Keen and the graduates gave me the opportunity to tell you a little about the new hygiene—to tell you that medical science is now universally recognized, not as the messenger of death, but as the angel of life.

MARGARET B. HARVEY.

ALL the performances of human art, at which we look with praise or wonder, are instances of the resistless force of perseverance; it is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that distant countries are united with canals. If a man were to compare the effect of a single stroke of the pick-axe, or of one impression of the spade, with the general design and last result, he would be overwhelmed by the sense of their disproportion; yet those petty operations, incessantly continued, in time surmount the greatest difficulties, and mountains are leveled and oceans bounded by the slender force of human beings.

CHILDREN are often injured and made to suffer because they are afraid. They are scolded or laughed at until they think that fear itself is something degrading. Instead of learning to cultivate courage to meet every emergency, they merely learn to despise and disown fear. "You're afraid!" is a cruel taunt among children, carrying with it the same sharp sting whether it refers to a dangerous feat or disobedience to a parent's command. Thus their moral sense is blunted, and their ideas of right and wrong are hopelessly confused.

## MY FIRST SITUATION.

## I.

I WAS nineteen, well born, and, as I was constantly being told, beautiful. But what was the use of it all? I was an orphan and poor. My brothers were both married, and though kind in their way, I felt that I could not be dependent upon them.

My education had been excellent, and through it I determined to work. "You are very young, Margaret," said the kindest of my sisters-in-law. Which was true in England, but abroad nineteen is a most respectable age. Besides, each day would rectify that failing more and more. My advertisements for a family in Germany who might require the services of a young lady of many accomplishments and irreproachable family brought me three answers. I picked out the one that sounded kindest and of which the post-mark was farthest from home, for my brother's pride was great. It was from a Countess Dahlen. She required a young lady to teach English, French, drawing, and music to three girls and a boy of various ages, to talk English at odd hours with herself and the Count, and to make herself generally useful and agreeable. Salary to be given: thirty pounds. Also the young lady was required directly.

The latter point decided me. I closed with the offer, bid good-bye to my friends, wished a rather sentimental adieu to my native land, and then steadily turned my eyes out to sea, as we steamed into the Channel on our way to Hamburg.

I got as far as Berlin very comfortably. A letter was awaiting me at the Ladies' Pension, to which I had been directed, begging me to meet the Countess Dahlen and her daughters at the East Prussian Railway Station the next morning at eight o'clock. They would all hold their pocket-handkerchiefs in their hands, and I was to do the same.

I was quite ready to start next morning when I was told my droschky was at the door. Preceded by all my goods and chattels, I ran down-stairs in excellent spirits and ensconced myself in my droschky, looking forward with some curiosity to meeting my Countesses. I was especially anxious to be in good time, for I felt punctuality was an excellent quality in my new career.

What was my disappointment, therefore, to find myself, ere long, at the very end of an immense line of droschkies, four abreast, walking their horses at a snail's pace and occasionally stopping altogether. But by degrees we got on a little, and, meanwhile, I peering into every carriage around for something white. At last! In the row farthest from me, there are ladies waving handkerchiefs surely. In my excitement I got up for a better view, and found to my chagrin that it

was only a baby in white dandied by its nurse. Sitting down again, I noticed for the first time a droschky abreast of mine, occupied by a single individual. This individual was watching me and smiling; that is to say, his lips were smiling, but his eyes were laughing unmistakably, and laughing at me! For the first time I felt that I was alone. How often to be felt again that day! Insulted and angry, I sat down with my back to the ill-mannered stranger, determined to look into no more droschkies, let them be as full of ladies with handkerchiefs as they would.

Soon after this we began to draw up to the station. In a minute my door was pulled open and my luggage seized by a porter. I had no choice but to run after him. In the large entrance-hall I insisted upon his putting down my things, much to his discomfiture, for he was on the point of throwing them into the weighing machine. The crowd of arrivals swayed and surged around me, but though I scanned each face and figure, I tried in vain to recognize the Countesses.

Time passed, and I began to feel, and probably to look, anxious and uncomfortable.

"Can I be of any assistance to you, mademoiselle?" said a very pleasant voice behind me, in excellent English.

I turned round gratefully, and encountered the laughing eyes of my neighbor in the next droschky. He had dared to laugh at my anxiety, and my pride rebelled at this insult from a foreigner. I turned very red, and said, indignantly: "No, thank you; I am waiting for friends." He bowed low, and as he moved away I thought I detected the same smile lurking about his mouth. But the crowd was thinning fast—the clock pointed to within five minutes of the hour—what was I to do?

"The *fräulein* had better let me take her ticket for her; the ladies have probably been missed in the crowd, and are already in the train; they will all meet at the great junction, where many people have to get out."

This came from the red-capped station-master, who had come up to me, and to whom I had explained my position. "One minute more and the ticket office will be closed," he added, as he saw me hesitate.

"Well, take it, then," I replied, bewildered and perplexed. I was ignorant of the Dahleus' hotel, and, not knowing whether I ought to go or stay, I let his advice carry the day.

The die was cast now, at any rate, for in less than a minute I found my ticket taken, my luggage weighed, and myself being hurried off to my carriage. Whilst the guard and the porter actually lifted me in, I caught a glimpse of my neighbor of the next droschky, looking out of a window higher up.

The train was slow and the stations endless.

However, the happy moment arrived at length, when a guard opened the carriage door, shouting, "Gorswald—all change here for Woltersdorf," and out I jumped. Before I could assure myself that all my luggage was out the train was off again. I looked round eagerly. An old woman was hobbling off with a basket, a lady was being embraced by a tender husband, and my neighbor of the next *droschky* was disappearing within the door of exit toward the town. That was all. No Countesses—no one expecting me—nothing! A hot mid-day sun, an insupportable glare, and not a creature who knew one word of English! My courage began to ebb a little; still I mustered all my German and began to explain my perplexities to the station-master. As soon as I got to Graf Dahlen's name, the official's hitherto perplexed face brightened up at once.

"Graf Dahlen!" he cried; "Ja, ja"—now he knew all about it. "It is to Woltersdorf the *Fräulein* wishes to go, of course. The Herr Graf lives close by, I know. I will see that the *Fräulein* gets there." And with this comfortable assurance the station-master politely picked up my bag and showed me the way to the waiting-room.

"In half an hour, *Fräulein*, the train will start for Fries. May I order you some coffee?"

No, I would have nothing; I was disappointed, tired, and hot. It was evident that now I must give up all hope of meeting the Countesses and make the best of my way to my new home alone. The actual necessity was not as pleasant and did not look as easy as the prospects of getting there "somehow" had been in the morning.

In less than half an hour the polite, red-capped station-master was back again.

"Now, *Fräulein*, the train will be up directly. You will get to Fries at six o'clock, and then an omnibus will take you on to Woltersdorf, should the Count not send his carriage all the way to Fries."

"But I never heard of an omnibus," I protested as well as I could; "and are you quite sure about the name?"

"Quite," returned the official, rather curtly. "And if the *Fräulein* heard nothing about the omnibus it was because the Herr Graf is going to send his carriage all the way to Fries." With a polite touch of his cap, he handed me into the train, wished me the stereotyped "prosperous journey," and closed the door.

The afternoon wore on even more slowly than the morning had done. When the Fries station came in sight it seemed as if I had seen the last of Berlin, and heard the last English words from my neighbor of the next *droschky* more than a week ago.

Once more I was turned out, and the train flew on. This time the station consisted but of a single

house and a few sheds. One look showed that no one was here to meet me, for I could take in a mile of country round at one glance. A long, low, hideous conveyance, labeled "Omnibus to Woltersdorf," was drawn up close to the line, in case any unhappy mortal should wish to ascend into its cavernous interior. I was ushered to its door by an individual, who, to judge from his appearance, did all the dirty work of the station of Fries, and all the clean work, for the matter of that, for he was the only living being visible around, with the exception of his dirty little dog who trotted at his heels. Having deposited my luggage on the top and me in the interior of the vehicle, the Fries man-of-all-work mumbled some unearthly sounds, while his dog looked up and barked. I shall never forget the shaking and misery of that vehicle of torture, the omnibus between Fries and Woltersdorf!

At last there are twinkling lights in the distance and Woltersdorf comes in sight, with its tall church steeple and square-towered town hall standing out against the evening sky. "At last! Here I shall find some friendly face and voice to tell me what to do." And more dead than alive, I opened the heavy omnibus door and got down the steep steps stiffly, more like ninety than nineteen. The omnibus had stopped at the little post-office to deliver letters, and beneath its orange-colored lantern stood the postmaster—burly and full of official dignity.

"Any carriage here from Graf Dahlen's?" I managed to say.

"No, *Fräulein*," was the curt reply, accompanied by a long, rude stare.

"But I am expecting Graf Dahlen's carriage," I reiterated. "The ladies of the family were to meet me in Berlin, but I missed them."

Not a word more could I make the postmaster understand. In a few minutes various postboys and idlers had collected round the door, staring and laughing and whispering to each other.

Angry and provoked, I said at last in the plainest German I could muster:

"Can you give me a carriage? I must go to Graf Dahlen's at once."

Something like a smile of intelligence broke out upon the burly man's face, and he slowly replied:

"A carriage? Ja, ja, and a nice carriage, too. Jacob, here, bring out the half-chaise and put the Schimmel into the shafts. The young lady wishes to be taken to Graf Dahlen's immediately."

Meanwhile the lurid sunset was fast giving way to dark, ominous-looking clouds that came up quickly from the east, black as night, making the west orange-color by contrast. There was a great lull in the atmosphere; not a leaf stirred, and it was oppressively close. I would not go into the little waiting-room, for it was stifling, and I



dreaded the look and manner of the host too much. So I anxiously kept out of his way, and walked up and down the silent market-place, musing over my day rather sadly. What would they be like, these Countesses, when I got to them? My reverie was brought to a close by Jacob driving up his half-chaise to my side. And then I found out that a "Schimmel" meant a white horse in Germany.

"Now get up, Fräulein," was his unceremonious address. "Your things are in already."

I clambered up a thing resembling an iron ladder more than carriage steps, and managed at last to get into my seat under the large hood. When I was settled and the apron buttoned up comfortably all round, I found that my "half-chaise" was not at all an uncomfortable kind of vehicle. The air was refreshing to my poor, hot head, aching as it was, and it was a comfort to get away from that odious postmaster. Jacob was rough, but seemed a good-natured creature in the main. Just as we rumbled out of Woltersdorf the first great heat drops began to fall, and night came down suddenly and laid her pall upon all around. We could hardly see a step before us.

"Why do you not light the lamps, Jacob?"

"Never light lamps," was the civil rejoinder. And I saw it was best to trust the Schimmel and ask no more questions.

It was eight o'clock, and in half an hour more a hurricane came up, the precursor of the storm. Now the rain fell in torrents, and the great poplars by the roadside awayed to and fro like saplings. But of this we only caught glimpses, as ever and anon the blue forked lightning lit up everything round about—only to leave us in greater darkness than before. What with the roar of the thunder, the crashing of the trees, and the whistling of the wind, it was an awful night—one that I shall never forget. Jacob cursed and swore at his horse. The poor Schimmel was much alarmed and stumbled woefully in the dark, although Jacob had led him for the last half hour, lest we should have some accident with all the fallen branches lying in the road.

"Lights at last!" I cried out in delight; "that must be Dahlsburg," and I peered out into the darkness to try and see something of the place. But nothing but distant specks of light, growing bigger every moment, could I see, until a flash of lightning revealed to me—no Castle Dahlsburg, but only a wayside inn, before which Jacob now pulled up, amid many imprecations at the thunder and lightning and weather generally. It was a bitter disappointment, and when Jacob came round and said, "Will the Fräulein get out?" I only answered, "No; how much longer to Graf Dahlen's?"

"A good hour or so; it depends upon the storm," and Jacob disappeared within the inn-

door, from which issued sounds of boisterous merriment and song. My heart fell. Alone, in a strange country, before a wayside inn at night, with a storm raging above me—it made me shiver a little in spite of the warmth of the night.

Jacob soon reappeared and we continued our journey. Just as the storm was over and the moon was beginning to disperse the clouds we turned into a gate, and drove on toward a long, low pile of buildings, in which not a light was visible.

"It must be midnight, and they've all gone to bed!" said Jacob. I grasped my card-case tightly in my hand, and found my teeth chattering and my voice very shaky, when, in answer to Jacob's loud peal at the bell, after much unbarring and unlocking, a drowsy-looking man opened the door, saying in a grumbling voice: "Well, whatever is the matter this time of night? Ach, Jacob! you, is it? We are all in bed and fast asleep," and he showed evident signs of closing the door and continuing his slumbers.

But before Jacob could answer I managed to say: "Is the Countess Dahlen here?" and held out my card.

"The Countess is not here, but the Count is," added the man, musingly. "He is in bed, though, and fast asleep. Must I go up?" The latter was addressed to Jacob, as if for advice. That worthy shrugged his shoulders and winked and blinked with his eyes—perhaps only at the lamp by which I was being inspected. I cut the matter short, by saying peremptorily, "Take this card up immediately." The drowsy man opened his eyes wider than they had been yet, stared hard at me, but withdrew at once, not, however, without carefully closing the door behind him.

Each incident of my day had seemed to be worse than its predecessor, but the ten minutes I had to wait for my messenger's return put the crowning touch to all. Floods of thought came rolling in upon me. Petted, admired, made much of till so lately—now alone, neglected, insulted, left to wait at midnight for admission to the house where I was to earn my bread! "How unkind, how selfish of them to treat me so: not even to let some one sit up for me! and after not keeping their appointment this morning!" It did seem a hard lot.

Suddenly much rattling down a staircase, swift steps across the hall, and the sleepy porter, now with a smiling countenance, opened the door quickly, unbuttoned the apron, and letting down the steps, said:

"The Herr Graf begs a thousand pardons, gracious Fräulein, that you should have been kept waiting an instant. Unfortunately he is in bed and asleep, or he would be down to welcome you. He only came home himself a few hours ago. The Countess is not here. The Herr Graf



will explain everything to the gracious Fräulein to-morrow. Meanwhile I am to take the gracious Fräulein to her room—and here it is, a nice room, is it not so? The Countess especially likes it." By this time my loquacious companion had got himself quite out of breath, and me into a pretty little bedroom on the ground floor, not far from the front door—and, to my astonishment, he was lighting the candles for me, after telling Jacob to deposit my luggage in the hall.

"I think the gracious Fräulein will find all she wants; this room is always kept ready for unexpected guests." ("Then I am unexpected after all," I thought.) "What does the gracious Fräulein command to eat?"

"Nothing, thank you." I had biscuits in my bag—dear English biscuits; I quite loved them, they were a bit of home—but I longed for rest too much to be able to eat and drink.

"Then I wish the gracious Fräulein a very good night." With which words the guardian of the house closed the door behind him, and I was left to my own thoughts and devices. First, I carefully reconnoitred the walls, to see that there were no hidden arras doors or traps; then I locked the door and tried to open the window. Alas! the room was on the ground floor, so I could not venture to leave the long French windows open for fear of the beasts that I heard barking and howling and champing close by; not to mention the buzzing of the mosquitoes that poured in toward the light.

When sleep came to me at last it was accompanied by feverish dreams, in which railway accidents and Countesses wrapped in winding sheets, and grinning postmasters and drunken rioters were mixed up with visions of home. But curiously enough, whenever the dream was wildest and the danger most imminent, the smiling eyes of my neighbor in the next droschky rose up between me and destruction. The pleasant, frank face, looking earnestly at me, was the last thing I saw before I was roused by a low tap at the door.

I started up in bewilderment. Where was I? By degrees yesterday's adventures came back to my mind. The sun was high in the heavens. How late it must be! what would my employers think of their new governess? Another tap and a simultaneous opening of the door, which I thought I had locked so well the night before. I stared at it, slowly turning on its heavy hinges, quite prepared to see the gentleman who had ushered me into my bed-room only a few hours before. Instead of this, a small, black-robed figure made its appearance; from under a neat white cap, two bright eyes peered at me wonderingly and inquiringly, and the little person said, softly, "May I come in, gracious Fräulein?" At the same time holding out an immense square letter, with a large red seal. Having received permission, she

closed the door and came close up to my bedside, as if to satisfy herself of my actual existence.

"The gracious Fräulein will doubtless excuse me; but the Herr Graf said the gracious Fräulein would require the carriage at eleven o'clock. It is now ten. The Herr Graf had to leave before sunrise this morning; sudden business called him away. Before leaving he told me to give up this letter directly the gracious Fräulein should awake." And the little woman handed me the missive most respectfully.

"The Count also said that the gracious Fräulein would probably prefer her breakfast in her own room after yesterday's fatigues," she continued. "Shall I bring it in now?"

"If you please," I answered, feeling more and more bewildered every minute, and the little figure glided out of the room. Why should the "Herr Graf" send me all these messages? and whatever could I want the carriage for at eleven o'clock? I looked at the letter in all possible ways. It was addressed in a good, firm hand to Miss Margaret Alford. At last I opened it and read the following, in excellent English:

"MADAM:—I feel extremely sorry that the great similarity of names between my brother's post-town and my own has resulted in your being subjected to the annoyance of being directed to Woltersdorf instead of to Wellersdorf. I can well understand a foreigner being deceived by the sound. As, unfortunately, I am obliged to leave home almost immediately, I cannot have the honor of welcoming you personally, but shall leave orders for the carriage to be in readiness to conduct you to Schloss Dahlsburg at eleven o'clock to-morrow morning. You will get there toward evening, and a telegram will precede you, so that you will be expected and heartily welcomed.

"Yours faithfully,

"HARRY, COUNT DAHLEN."

The date was one o'clock of the previous night.

The letter dropped from my hand. A mistake! I had come to the wrong house, after all! This was not Dahlsburg, and I must begin a second day's wanderings in search of my "family." Tears of pride and mortification sprang to my eyes. To think that I should have to be beholden to strangers for hospitality? and why did the Count do it all? Perhaps there was no Countess—at which thought I felt particularly uncomfortable—but more probably she was too great a lady to think of the affairs of a poor little governess.

At this moment my unpleasant reflections were interrupted by the little black figure reappearing with a tray, which she placed upon a table close to my bedside, begging me to eat, as the way to Dahlsburg was long. But no—I would not touch

a crumb in this house into which untoward circumstances had forced me. I would dress with lightning speed and be off. Scarcely, however, had I finished my toilette than youth and a healthy appetite asserted themselves. I sat down, contrary to all my intentions, and made a hearty breakfast, after which things began to assume a somewhat brighter hue. It suddenly occurred to me that, after all, it was kind of this "Herr Graf"—to whom I was an utter stranger, and who could not know that the mistakes were not my fault—to lend me his carriage and make all these arrangements for me. I was sorry I could not thank him, but there was not much more time for reflection. Another rap at the door—this time a loud rap.

"Does the gracious Fräulein command the carriage?"

The gracious Fräulein did command the carriage. Quickly stuffing all my little odds and ends into my bag, I put on my hat and was at the front door just as the carriage drew up before it. The coachman touched his hat, my friend of the night before, now in a neat brown livery, helped me in; the little old housekeeper in black stood at the door and wished me "a prosperous journey," and off we were; out of the gates and down the road, out of sight of Warburg before I had time to feel sure that that I was not a second Cinderella being whirled away in the Prince's carriage to unknown regions of bliss. But no, it was I myself, Margaret Alford, traveling along in a luxurious carriage, drawn by a pair of splendid black horses, trotting along as fast as they could on the road to Woltersdorf.

Not long and the little roadside inn came in sight. It looked very commonplace in the broad sunlight, yet the recollections of last night made me shudder a little on passing it. A little while longer and we were at Woltersdorf. We drew up at the little post-house. There stood Jacob ready to water the horses. He did not recognize the occupant of the carriage, for the sun was in his eyes, but off went his cap in an instant to the carriage and the horses.

In ten minutes the coachman was ready to start again, and we were soon bowling along the splendid roads, from which last night's storm had cleared all the dust.

## II.

SUNSET again, and with it the coachman points out Castle Dahlsburg before us, with a background of hill and forest. An imposing edifice it looked, and it brought back the reality of life to me with a rush. It was Cinderella going home after the ball. No more independence; no more traveling about in luxurious carriages; no more will of my own. I must become a dependent—there lay my destination

close before me. Entering a governess's career looks so easy in the distance, but it is so very thorny in reality!

My heart beat loudly as we approached the gates of Schloss Dahlsburg. The building was large and massive, forming three sides of a large quadrangle, with a grass plot in the middle. We rattled in over the stones, making a great deal of noise. I wished that my entrance might have been more modest. But soon all my thoughts were centred on my coming reception by some ladies who came out on to the steps as we turned in at the gate.

"They think friends are coming—what a pity for me," I thought, shrinking back into my corner. "How I wish I were at home again!" And then we stopped, and two young girls of about fourteen and sixteen ran down the steps and opened the carriage door.

"Welcome to Dahlsburg," said a voice in English, with a very foreign accent. "My dear Miss Alford, how glad we are to see you at last!" And my hand was taken as I reached the steps by the lady who had spoken. She was tall and stately, with a kind face and very sweet manner.

"Marie," she called out to the elder of the young girls; "Marie, bring in Miss Alford's shawls, dear child, and order her trunks to be brought up to her room at once." Then I knew that I had got to the Countess Dahlen at last, and all my anxieties and fears vanished before her kind face on the doorstep there and then, never to return.

"How tired you must be, my dear; and"—she stopped in the middle of the great hall we were crossing, and took my hand in hers—"it's all through a mistake, and I am more in fault than any one. I ought to have gone myself to tell you we were going to start by a later train; instead of that I sent my brother's servant. We have long been afraid that he is not trustworthy, and now he has proved himself what we thought. You never received my second letter, did you?"

"Never," I replied.

"Ah, I thought that was it! I hope you will forgive us, dear, and that we may be able to make you forget all the unpleasantnesses of your journey. Could you sleep last night? My brother-in-law telegraphed to us that you had been wrongly directed, and that you had got to Woltersdorf instead of to Wellersdorf. I do think the name ought to be changed." And so the kind lady went on talking till we reached my room.

"I hope you will be happy here, and stay with us a long time, my dear," were her parting words, as she was about to leave the room with her daughter.

I went up to her, and took her hand within my own. "It is more like coming home than anything I could have imagined," I was just able to

say, for I had a choking sensation in my throat that took away my voice. How good every one was to me! How different from what I had expected!

### III.

A WEEK passed. Nothing could exceed the kindness of all the inhabitants of Castle Dahlsburg. I had plenty to do, but I liked that, and my pupils and I were fast becoming friends. I had told my adventures to the assembled family on the evening of my arrival, and elicited both laughter and tears—real tears from the Countess Dahlen. "Poor child," she said, stroking my hair; "what escapes you had through that mistake! Thank God, you fell into good hands." After which my journey had not been reverted to again.

One morning I was greeted at breakfast with cries of: "Miss Alford, Miss Alford, Uncle Harry is coming to-day: ar'n't you glad? We are," said one of the little boys. "He is so jolly, and does speak good English, doesn't he, mamma? Better than papa even."

"They both speak well, dear; and no wonder, when your grandmother was English. That is why I want you all to speak English especially well, you know."

The Countess was called out of the room, and we all dispersed to our several avocations immediately afterward. When lessons were over, Marie and I went out for our usual walk. We crossed the garden to get into the village, and then Marie found out that she had forgotten a book she wished to take to a sick woman.

"Run back, dear; I will wait here for you," I said, and back she ran.

She was gone longer than I expected, and I stood looking over the low hedge into the road. Presently I heard steps approaching—long, quick strides they appeared to be—and up came a gentleman with a large straw hat on, completely shading his face. He carried a good, stout stick in his hand, and had walked fast and far, to judge from his dusty appearance. He was just about to pass the spot where I stood, when a bark from Marie's little terrier made him look up. Off went his hat in an instant, and with the laughing eyes and the pleasant smile I remembered so well, my neighbor of the next droschky bowed to me and passed on. It was all the work of a moment. I had barely time to return the pleasant greeting before a turn in the road hid him from my view. I know not why, but when Marie came back with her book, I cared to talk about the incident as little as I had cared to mention my rude neighbor of the next droschky when narrating my adventures.

On our return we saw a traveling-carriage driving up the road before us. The next minute it turned into the Dahlsburg gates.

"There's Uncle Harry! I thought it was his carriage," cried Marie. "Dear Miss Alford, do let us be quick; I think I must run." And off set Marie, tearing along the road at a great pace.

I followed more demurely, making up a little German speech of thanks the while for the hospitality shown me at Warburg and thinking a good deal of this morning's encounter with the stranger of the laughing eyes. I was so much engrossed in my thoughts, wondering if ever he would cross my path again, that I had nearly got up to the steps where I had seen the kind Countess and her daughter awaiting me on the evening of my arrival, before I saw Marie, with all her brothers and sisters, coming down toward me with a stranger in their midst.

"Here she is," they cried. "Uncle Harry wants to be introduced to you, Miss Alford."

"Now that you are no longer in need of any assistance, I hope you will allow me to introduce myself," said the pleasant voice that was still ringing in my ears. I looked up and beheld my friend of the next droschky.

"You Count Harry Dahlen!" I exclaimed, my astonishment making him laugh and the children stare.

"Count Harry Dahlen at your service, at all times and in all seasons, though you do not make it easy to serve you," he added, with a smile and bowing low.

Then everything I had forgotten in my surprise and pleasure rushed back upon my mind. My curt answer in Berlin; my arrival at midnight and arousing the Warburg house; my turning its master out before dawn—for I saw it all now intuitively—and then the kind requital on the following day! My sentence of thanks died away upon my lips, and I stood before Count Harry like a silly schoolgirl at the mercy of her master. Again he came to my rescue, chivalrous knight that he was, and, asking me if I were not homesick, he led the conversation far away from Germany and gave me time to overcome my evident confusion. We walked round and round the grass-plot, as we often did toward evening, and then the Countess Dahlen came out and joined us; but Count Harry still kept by my side.

It is long since I left Castle Dahlsburg. They were all so good to me when I went home! "There will never be another Miss Alford for us, dear child; how we shall miss the bright face," said the kind Countess, when she kissed me on the very step where I had seen her first a year before. "But Warburg is not far off, and you have promised to come and see us often."

"That she shall," came from the pleasant voice that had haunted my dreams ever since that eventful morning at the Berlin station—so far off now! "That she shall! This shall be her first visit after

I bring her home from England this day six weeks. This day six weeks, young lady; remember that—and no delays for trousseaux and that kind of thing," he added, energetically.

And thus it happened that I came to live at Warburg after all. It is barely three years since I saw it first, but I often think that it must have been in some previous state of existence—life has so changed for me. Harry says he knows that his real life began the morning he saw an anxious little face ("lovely," the silly fellow persists in putting it) peering eagerly into every carriage, and then looking so proud and distant at the offer of help from a stranger, notwithstanding its perplexities. He says he knew, instinctively, who it was that came up to his door on that stormy August night—even before he had assured himself of the fact by peeping over the banisters to see the owner of the anxious little face conducted to her room. He felt, even then, that a change had come to his life. And he laughingly adds that he shall henceforth be a firm believer in love at first sight.

### WOMEN ARCHITECTS.

IT is a matter of surprise, when women are adopting so many professions hitherto monopolized by men, that they have not taken hold of architecture, which seems specially suited both to their tastes and capacity. Indeed, it would seem as if a man had no business to undertake to plan a house and that a woman's experience would qualify her peculiarly for this service. We have been constantly impressed with the many defects to be found in ordinary domestic arrangements, and have wondered that architects had not consulted the interests of their clients' wives in order to rectify these defects. A leading New York architect once mentioned with pride his success in planning a church rectory in this city, owing to his having consulted with his mother when designing the building.

A few years since, a lady graduated from the agricultural school at Cornell University and has since had a successful practice. Her example should lead others to adopt the same profession, which is not arduous and is well suited to feminine tastes, habits, and strength. We have recently noticed several striking examples of masculine blundering in house-planning which a woman would have quickly pointed out. One instance is found in a row of fine houses near the Central Park, erected by a wealthy builder, where the butler's pantry is placed in the most cramped and inconvenient situation, so that it is cut off from all daylight by a china-closet, which is itself dark and inconveniently arranged; yet there was no reason why both places could not have been made spacious, cheerful, and accessible. An

almost universal defect in dwellings is the lack of ventilation for clothing-closets. We see no reason why a store-room, unless for furs and other articles needed to be protected from moths, should be hermetically sealed, and hence liable to become musty and close. We have found good housekeepers content to hang the costliest garments in open ante-rooms, protected from dust by muslin curtains or bags, and this seems rational and sanitary. We should favor having in the doors of every closet perforated panels above and below to permit a free circulation of air. Again, we should favor like openings in the wood-work of all wash-basins and water-closet risers, as they are called, so that the space beneath these fixtures should not become foul and unwholesome. Indeed, it would be better, in the case of wash-basins, to remove the wood-work altogether, as is now, we are glad to say, becoming common with kitchen-sinks, to avoid these being made receptacles for all sorts of rubbish.

If women had the planning of our houses they would not locate the plumbing-fixtures directly next to sleeping-rooms or where it is impossible to provide either sunlight or air for them; neither would they place bath-tubs in cellars or servants' water-closets directly under the cold air supply-boxes of furnaces made of unseasoned wood-work full of cracks and leaks. They would not be so stupid as to provide ventilators in the skylights on the roofs of houses and then shut them off from the rooms below by a glass sash, as is common in thousands of houses; they would not carry water supply-pipes where they would be certain to freeze, or make chimney-flues too small to be of any use, or provide heating apparatus that would only warm part of a house, or construct cellars with only one window, and that a small one, for ventilation, and do many other of the stupid things which one finds in houses of to-day. Therefore, we should say to the young women readers of this paper who are looking for an occupation which will be respectable, profitable, and gratifying to their taste and an ample field for their ambition: "Study house-building and architecture." There is room for abundant missionary work in this direction and women should not neglect the opportunity.—*Countryside.*

THEY who are naturally cool and of a quiet turn of mind, upon whom nothing can make too powerful an impression, who are not wont to be excited either by great sorrow or great joy, have the best chance of living long and happy after their manner. Preserve, therefore, in all circumstances, a composure of mind which no happiness, no misfortune, can too much disturb. Love nothing too violently; hate nothing too passionately; fear nothing too strongly.

## THREE WISE WOMEN OF GOTHAM.

By EMILY READ AND MARIAN C. L. REEVES.

## CHAPTER XI.

"Your apple-blossoms are fragrant,  
Beyond the breath of the South—  
Every bud for an airy kiss  
Is lifting a rosy wee mouth.  
A greener glory hour by hour,  
And a peep of ruddier bloom—  
But the leafy world waiteth its human flower—  
Dear my lady, come home."

"LEE, I have kept you so long!" Annis cried breathlessly, having walked with all possible speed from the Square; and pushing open the door from frosty winter into fragrance-laden summer, as she entered the florist's.

Lee looked round at her, from her corner at the dewy-blossomed counter. In these days when old-fashioned as well as wild flowers are cultivated as exotics, Lee had been quite at home with old friends.

"I have not missed you, nor the time spent here," she said laughing. "See, Annis, what lovely azalias!"

But Annis did not stop to look.—"We are late," she said; and hurried Lee off.

The two girls walked for some little distance without a chance of speaking to each other, for the crowd. But when they had left Broadway for a quieter street:—"Had you a satisfactory interview with Mr. Morley?" Lee asked.

Annis shook her head; and then added: "I waited a full hour, but he did not come near the Square."

"There must have been some reason," said Lee, slowly.

"What possible reason?"—a little sharply. "My watch was fifteen minutes wrong, I find: but that was not much grace to give one who had so far to walk as I had. Certainly not as much as the hour I gave him."

"Perhaps he was ill," said Lee: strangely eager to make excuses for one whom she cared so little for, as she did for Morley.

"Men do not grow ill, as women do," said Annis, laughing. "No, no, Lee, you must find some better excuse."

"Perhaps he feared Mr. Barron—"

"Who is at Atlantic City, waiting for his house to be finished. So Dallas told me yesterday."

"Then I wonder if Isa could have had anything to do with his change of plans?"

"Isa! How could she possibly?" asked Annis, in amazement.

"Only that I found out, quite by accident, that Isa dressed very carefully before she went out. She had all her very best on. And you know at

breakfast she had the dress she usually wears at Madame Larue's."

For an instant, Annis recalled her fancy of seeing Isa in the distance. But it seemed so improbable, that Annis would not mention her vision to Lee. It was foolish to suspect Isa, who knew nothing about her engagement to meet Morley, nor had been told anything of the trouble Morley was in. The last person in the world, to suspect of going to meet Harry Morley, was, to Annis's belief, Isa.

"How well it is that Uncle Barron is away," said Annis, intending to turn the conversation. "I do not know whether it is the best plan, to hint to Dallas to get Uncle Barron to look at his check-book, and so find out at once that the money was returned: or to let Uncle Barron make the discovery. It might be days before he opened his check-book; and the money being in his desk might annoy him."

"Put the money in his check-book; then he will not fail to make the connection," said Lee.

"But, I will have to tell Dallas, at any rate. It would not do, situated as we are, to have what Dolly calls a secret," said Annis, with a little blush.

Lee laughed. She felt perfectly capable of keeping any number of secrets which were not her own personal ones, from Dr. Gray. After they were married, it might be different. But that time seemed years off: perhaps when she was too old to have any one confide in her.

Both pavement and door-way of Mr. Barron's house, when the girls reached it, were quite blocked up with chairs and tables; and great vans were arriving still. Annis at once recognized the drawing-room and dining-room furniture from Barron Hope. Her hand closed tightly on Lee's arm: "They will not be long in coming, now," she whispered.

There were a number of men about, rather in each other's way: among whom Annis quickly espied the agent, and made her request to go into the library. A request at once granted: indeed both the girls could have walked over the whole house, without interference.

Annis quite forgot, when she first entered the now furnished library, that she was not at Barron Hope; nothing but the shape of the room being different. To everything, she eagerly called Lee's attention; and had some little bit of personal experience to fit each article. Lee was far more intent upon Annis's decorations; and quite charmed with the trailing-arbutus she found here, there, and everywhere. She knew a dozen of its hiding-places between Barron Hope and the village, of which Annis had never before heard.

It was Lee who reminded Annis that time was passing. The fact was, a sudden thought had flashed into Lee's brain, and she stole out of the



room as soon as she saw Annis absorbed in trying the lock, which was meant to be a difficult one; though Annis declared she could open it perfectly well, if she could only remember the trick.

Over and over again, had Annis been saying that everything was just as at Barron Hope. Lee wondered if the only two rooms she had ever been in there, were as she had seen them. Had Mrs. Barron discarded the very pretty portrait of Annis, which Lee remembered in that lady's morning room? If it were here, Lee would feel sure that Annis was still in her aunt's heart: if it were not here, Lee would be just as sure that Annis was intended to be forgotten.

Reaching the second floor, Lee hesitated before the array of closed rooms. It was all a venture. She might as well try one as another; or take Dolly's method when in a perplexity: turn round half a dozen times, and then open the door opposite her.

But she opened one, without any gyrations; and found herself, as if by magic, in the room where she first met Annis at home. Evidently the upholsterers had been charged to make no difference in the arrangements.

After standing there some little while, she passed into the adjoining room: Annis was looking down on her from the wall opposite the sofa which she well remembered as Mrs. Barron's judgment-seat.

"I wonder if Annis is changed?" Lee thought, as she stood before the portrait. "She certainly is not so round,—less like a half-blown greenhouse rose. She has felt a little of the outside wind: but somehow I like my Annis more than the portrait of her. Poor Annis!"

But "poor Annis" had not the same dreary sound which "poor mother," used to have in the old days.

When Lee started off on her journey of discovery, Annis scarcely missed her in her tussle with the provoking lock of the secretary. She knew it had its secret spring, the intricacies of which she had learned when a child. But how many more important things than secret springs we forget in four years.

A little flushed, and certainly disappointed, Annis worked away; and was at last rewarded by having the lid of the desk fly most unexpectedly into her very face. It took her hardly a minute to find the check-book; and she was in the act of smoothing the bank-notes, to put them into the proper page, when she felt some one touch her on the shoulder.

"How long you have been away, Lee!" she exclaimed, without turning. "I thought I should never find out the secret of this lock. And yet once I knew it so well! How stupid even a few years make one!"

Annis was busily straightening out the exasper-

atingly curled-up notes; and it was not until an arm was thrown round her in a close embrace, that she looked up.

It was a man's coat-sleeve; and Annis grew alarmed: for Dallas as yet had not advanced so far. But a single glance behind her made it all proper, to the very utmost extent the most prudish could desire. A moment after, Annis was hanging of her own accord on Mr. Barron's neck.

"My dear child! So at last I have found you!" was the old man's ejaculation.

"Did you wish to find me, dear uncle?"

"As the thirsty soul longs to find water, or the hungry bread," said Mr. Barron: not without a trace of solemnity which touched Annis greatly. And then he added, more lightly: "Where have you hidden yourself? Dallas and I have been in search of you nearly all the time since you left us. The proverbial needle in the haystack was not more difficult to find."

All Annis's answer then was a tighter clasp of her arms round the old man's neck.

"How I shall laugh at Dallas when I see him. And how an old man likes to beat a young one. They are so conceited,—the young ones, I mean,—that it does them good. But really, it is only a piece of luck with me; though I will not confess it to Dallas. He telegraphed me to meet him at this house to-day, little knowing whom I would find here,—and your aunt too,—" ended Mr. Barron, in an apologetic tone: for really, in the last five minutes he had quite forgotten that Mrs. Barron was with him.

Thus brought forward, Mrs. Barron also came to Annis, and kissed her.

"Your uncle has told you how glad we are to find you again," she said, with a lurking stiffness, as if conscious of no right to the forgiveness which she could not bow her pride to ask.—"I have been very unhappy about you."

"Yes, yes,—" interrupted Mr. Barron. "I do not want to find fault. But was it quite right in you never to let us hear a word about you? You may have thought us wrong; and I do not hesitate to say we were. We should have helped and protected you under all circumstances. But you hid yourself so that we could not amend our wrong."

"But, dear uncle, when you sent me back my poor little letter pleading with you to take me home again, since my mother was dead,—how could I guess you still cared for me?"

"Dead?—surely not dead when you sent me that letter? I thought, my child, I would let you stay until then,—do penance, as it were, until—. But dead? I never dreamed of such a thing. You did not know of it, my dear?—" turning suddenly to his wife.

For one moment, Mrs. Barron paled under her husband's glance, which was only friendly, and anxious to include her in the denial of any

knowledge of Mrs. Barnes's death. For it was on her entreaty, that he had sent back Annis's little appeal unopened. If she had been a woman in the slightest degree untruthful, she might have either denied that knowledge; or might have passed by her husband's allusion. No fear of Lee kept her silent: she did not even think whether the girl still existed.

"Yes, I knew of it—of the death—" she said at last. Noblesse oblige: her strong belief that the Morleys were above telling an untruth, or doing anything mean or dastardly, forced her to speak out bravely. "A girl—a very bold girl—came the very evening she died, and told me. She was anything but modest, and seemed to think I was obliged to bring you back, Annis. She was the same girl who persuaded you to leave us. I was unstrung, and nervous; and Dallas came to my aid, and sent her away. He thought she was there to—*for*—the funeral."

"Poor Lee!" said Annis under her breath, but with tears in her eyes. She well recalled Lee's long absence, and how both she and Isa had found Dolly so troublesome.

"You two fools!" said Mr. Barron, quite aloud; though at once he apologized to his wife. "Of course the Barnes had a proper right to ask help of their kinsfolk for a funeral."

"We did not need help in that way, thanks to the full purse you sent me," returned Annis, quickly. "Lee's errand was, I am sure, to heal the breach: as she thought it was her fault. If I had had half her boldness, and had gone myself, as she wished me to—. But at that time, Dallas never suspected my going to my sisters," she added, with much more courage. "He thought I was on a visit somewhere, as Aunt Barron had told him so."

"Dallas—then you have seen him, eh?" asked Mr. Barron: not without a twinkle in his eye, notwithstanding that he could not now boast of finding Annis first.

"But, Annis, you must, if you think at all, see I was perfectly right—" said Mrs. Barron. "At first, to avoid gossip, it was best to bridge over the time of your absence, by saying you were visiting friends: which it is to be supposed your sisters must have been to you. And afterwards, I had nothing to say."

"Not when you saw me?" asked Annis quietly.

Mrs. Barron answered, and turned pale. "Then it actually *uses* you? I afterwards believed my eyes must have deceived me. When I found you in such employment, I cannot tell you how I felt it; and when I was able, I went back to the place,—it is not worth while mentioning names,—with money to buy you off from such a position. But I found, not you, only a girl very much like you in figure."

"It was my twin sister Isa," said Annis very

quietly. "She was not well, and I went to Madame Larue's, to take her place for a short time. We were too poor to lose her wages: and so I went for her, until she was well enough. It was my misfortune to meet you just on my last day."

Mr. Barron was growing fidgety under remarks he did not entirely see the drift of, but which made him suspicious that his wife's worldliness had widened the breach. He was not so anxious as old Silas had been, that she should eat humble-pie to the utmost of her digestion. Yet in his wish to protect her as much as possible, he was thrusting the objectionable diet upon her, when he said, cheerfully and unsuspectingly:

"And now, fair lady, let me ask what you were doing in my secretary, when we came in? I confess to losing the key: but I never expected to find it in your hands."

A flush came over Annis's face; but she managed to tell the whole story of Morley's (why not give it the proper name, though Annis did not?) forgery; of her witness of it; and of her successful effort toward recovering the money, and so hushing up all scandal, if her uncle should see with her.

Whilst she was yet speaking, Mr. Barron was examining his check-book, and counting out the notes.

"It is much my own fault—" he said, when Annis ended. "I should never have entered into any of these speculations, at Harry's instance. It was tempting the boy. I must do what I can for him, however: and all thanks to you my Annis, for keeping a good name from disgrace. I wonder where I can find him?"

Annis could not tell; though she did relate her long waiting for him in Madison Square.

Mrs. Barron's thoughts had traveled in a far different direction.

"Then you care for Harry, Annis. And I have always thought Dallas was the chosen knight! But, of course, now one must see differently. Do not think I am disappointed," she added blandly.

But Mr. Barron did look far more than disappointed; until Annis answered hastily:

"You are mistaken in the cause of my interest in Harry, Aunt Barron. I have always liked him: but I am engaged to Dallas."

"Thank Heaven for that assurance," said Mr. Barron.

"Then what induced you to help poor Harry?" asked Mrs. Barron, with perhaps the curiosity of her sex.

"We have been friends since children. But—to give the true reason, Aunt Barron—it was my desire to keep from disgrace the name of Morley, which you have once borne, and always held honorable."

She said it tremulously, with the sudden tears in her eyes; which her uncle stooped to kiss away, with:—

"Brava, Annis; there you speak like a heroine."

"Rather like a good woman—" faltered Mrs. Barron. "You are far better than I, Annis. I ignored you,—with how sore a heart all the time!—simply to keep the name of my husband from being a nine-days' wonder. But you have done your very best to keep mine from infamy."

"Not without Lee's help. She has been my best adviser," Annis said brightly.

But Mrs. Barron had ended in a burst of tears, quite broken down with remorse and excitement.

Not being used to faintings, or hysterics, Mr. Barron was at his wit's end. Annis advised an open window, and quiet; but Mr. Barron was sure a stimulant was needed, and went to the dining-room sideboard, hoping to find a glass of wine. But that article of furniture was bare of everything but glasses, so he was forced to return with a goblet of water—which really did more good than a stimulant, since Annis was trying all her old allurements to make her aunt satisfied that the past was really all past.

Coming back suddenly, (and of course leaving the door ajar—) Mr. Barron was so much pleased to see the old, sweet influence over his somewhat haughty wife, that he abruptly announced what he had intended to say with more discretion. "Now, Annis, there is but one thing to be done. You must at once come back to us as our dear daughter. You see we cannot do without you. We have always looked forward to this; and you will find your rooms up-stairs just as you left them at Barron Hope."

"Surely, Annis, you will not desert us again?" pleaded Mrs. Barron. "It will be a long time before I can ever repay you for what you have done for me."

Annis hesitated. She could not bear to disappoint those whom she had just regained.

But seeing that they took her hesitation for affirmation, she said, more boldly than she imagined she could:

"If I cannot listen to Dallas's pleadings for a short engagement, you will not blame me for thinking my duty, for some time at least, is with my sisters. There are five of us; two quite small children. And even if I did not love them dearly, their taking me in when I needed their home, must make me thoughtful of them. And—" she added, merrily—"Aunt Barron may scarcely believe it, yet my modest wages help to keep up the family."

"Tut, tut, do you think we are going to let you paint other people's rooms?" demanded Mr. Barron. "If you are our child, of course your sisters are near and dear to us, and to be taken care of. I'll promise not to interfere with any of Dallas's claims; but for the rest, you must let me manage. I think this cheque you have saved me, and on which you have thus certainly a claim, would go a long way—"

He had left the door ajar, after his search for wine which ended in water; and much of Annis's last speech, and Mr. Barron's reply, reached Lee as she came down stairs.

A curious smile flitted over Lee's face, as she managed to pass the door undetected, and found herself alone in the open air.

"I wonder what a man like Mr. Barron thinks a liberal allowance for Dolly and Nell? If I am honest, I shall have to say Nell eats less than a bird. I wish I could take the children out of Gotham, where they could see a field. It would be an old friend to Dolly, but a perfectly new sight to Nell. Oh if I could have them out of this great wilderness of houses!"

At the corner, she nearly stumbled over Dallas Armstrong.

"What is the matter? I thought you could see further than most people; and now you nearly pass me without seeing me. Where is Annis? at home?"

"No, we chanced to go to Mr. Barron's; who, we thought you told us, was still at Atlantic City. But it seems we were wrong, and Annis has met them."

"Oh, I hoped to tell them first—" said Dallas, rather thinking his plan a failure, because he was too late.

"Be of good comfort. I am sure everything is doing well," said Lee, cheerfully. "If Annis misses me, tell her I have gone home, please. It is Isa's lunch-time, and the children's recess."

Dallas was in all haste to reach Mr. Barron's before the party should have left; and Lee had no wish to detain him. He did not observe that her eyes were full of unshed tears. The knowledge that Annis would leave her, was a pain to her; yet she was resolved to make her go back to the Barrons.

Those tears must have blinded her; for, turning abruptly into a cross-street, to shorten the distance home, she quite ran into a man. An accurate observer might have said he put himself in her way.

"What a wild way you have of walking!" complained a familiar, and by no means ill-tempered voice.

"If people will put themselves in the way, what can they expect but a collision?" asked Lee.

"And what a gad-about you have grown! I have been to the house three times this morning, wanting particularly to see you: and each time I found only poor, disconsolate little Nell."

"Annis needed me this morning. Nell has not often to complain of neglect."

Lee had kept her face persistently turned from Dr. Gray, while she tried to blink away the tears in her eyes.

"Lee, look at me—" he said, peremptorily. "There has something happened to you."

"Nothing but good," she answered, turning her face smilingly toward him; though a few tears were on her lashes. "Superlatively good. Annis has met Mr. and Mrs. Barron accidentally; and they have received her with transport: covering themselves with ashes and humiliation, it is to be hoped. So that it is a case of all's well that ends well."

"She will go to live with them"—came moodily.

"Most certainly. What else can she do?"

"Well, I am glad to hear you have good news to comfort you. What mine is—is not reunion," the doctor said shortly.

Lee's face paled perceptibly.

"If it is anything wrong tell me quickly." Oddly enough, her thoughts turned to Isa: a doctor or a clergyman being the usual raven selected to croak ill news.

"Perhaps you will not think it as ill-news as I do," said the doctor deprecatingly. "I have had an excellent offer—a good practice, in a sufficiently large town, and nothing to do but put up my sign. My one drawback is my distance from you. I cannot leave you to struggle on: and if Annis leaves—"

"Why, then, I will go too—that is, if you will take me. My one annoyance has been keeping Dolly and Nell in the city. They will be ghosts in paleness, in another year, cooped up here," she explained herself quickly, before he could answer.

"You will really go with me, Lee, my Lee?—I knew your pride about my keeping the children would not hold out," said he, laughing gleefully in the sudden relief.

"It has held out better than you think. You may not believe me, but I have been playing eaves-dropper. Mr. Barron was urging Annis to go back to them at once; and she refused, on the ground that we needed her work. But Mr. Barron quite scouted the idea, and would take care of the whole Barnes family. Don't look so disgusted: I said *Barnes*," she adds with a little, mocking laugh and a blush. "As for Isa, she will never care to stay with me after Annis has left. The little that Dolly and Nell will need when they live with you, Annis will scarcely miss. I have no doubt the cost of one of Annis's dresses, when with her aunt, would buy all Dolly needs for a year."

Whatever the doctor thought of Lee's plans, he could not express: for they had reached the house, and found a telegraph-messenger in the act of ringing the bell.

Lee had never received a telegram in her life; but she thought of that which Annis sent Isa the day her mother died.

Dr. Gray signed Lee's name for her in the messenger's book.—"Shall I open it?" he asked, when they were in the small parlor.

Lee nodded. She would not touch the ugly yellow envelope, if she could help it. Did not all evil tidings come by telegraph?—only, from whom could she have news, good or bad? She laughed at herself, somewhat tremulously, for trembling.

A laugh from the doctor, without any uncertainty in its amused ring, reassured her.—"Read it," he said, holding it to her.

"Married this morning. Express my trunks to Boston. Isa Morley."

"Was ever so much said in so few words before? She might have sent her love, and made up the permitted ten," remarked the doctor.

But Lee was pale and silent for a moment. Then she roused herself.

"I shall always hereafter believe in presentiments. I was sure Isa was going to do something surprising, when I discovered she had put on her very best dress and hat this morning."

"An odd reason for a presentiment—" Dr. Gray thought. "But, my poor Lee, how both sisters have deserted you! It is well you have some one who will promise to keep to you until death us do part."

"Two of the wise women have lightened the bowl, and none of us are drowned—which is a comfort," said Lee, with an effort to speak lightly. "To tell you the truth, that same bowl was so cracked, that for some time I have suspected it of being unseaworthy."

"And only three wise men coming to the rescue, have made its story as long as it is."

[THE END.]

LETTER FROM GENERAL GORDON TO THE COUNTESS A. DE NOAILLES.—The following letter has not before appeared in print. It was written by General Gordon just before he accepted the commission of the Prime Minister to go to the Soudan:

"I quite agree with your Ladyship that in this world, as in the spiritual world, the only thing to make men free is the knowledge of our Lord, and it has ever been to me most wonderful that Abyssinia has held the faith for so many centuries and through the most severe trials, surrounded as she is by Moslem nations.

"I have, and did, when Governor-General of Soudan, endeavored to get the King of Abyssinia his rights—in the way of a port and of the territory taken from him—but my efforts have been of no success hitherto. I will make a final effort ere I leave for Congo.

"CHAS. GORDON."

To this the Countess adds: I remember writing to him, "As you are a true soldier of Christ, you are the fittest person to extend His kingdom in unhappy Africa. Will you undertake this mission, taking Abyssinia as a basis?"—*Exchange*.

## JOHN WESLEY.

ON the 17th of June, 1703, the founder of Methodism was born at Epworth.

It would be difficult to find in the whole circle of biography a man who worked harder than John Wesley. Not an hour did he leave unappropriated. For fifty years he rose at four o'clock in the morning, summer and winter, and was accustomed to preach a sermon at five, an exercise he esteemed the healthiest in the world. His fine health he attributed to his regular habits, his temperance, and to the frequent changes of air he experienced in traveling; also to his serene temper; he had a thousand cares resting on him, but they never worried him.

A curious and pleasant picture he left in the memory of many who saw him in the street in his old age and noted his lithe little figure, his long hair, white and bright as silver, his radiant countenance, his active pace, and energetic air. He died painlessly, not of disease, but healthily worn out.

His failures usually arose from the misapplication of those qualities by which he triumphed. As instances, we may take Kingswood School and his marriage. At Kingswood, near Bristol, he set up a boarding-school for the sons of his preachers, who, being seldom at home, could not supervise the education of their children. Wesley devised the discipline of the school, and ordered that each day should be divided into three parts: eight hours for sleep, from eight at night to four in the morning, eight hours for study, and eight for meals and—play; no, play John Wesley could see no use for; amusement was proscribed at Kingswood. The hours not spent in sleep and study were to be used for prayer, self-examination, singing, and working in the garden in fine and in the house in wet weather. The boys were never to be left alone, but always under the eye of a master, who would keep them busy and from idle talk. There were no holidays and no vacations allowed, because a week from school might undo the good habits they were forming. It is needless to say that Kingswood School would not work, and gave Wesley endless trouble. He changed masters and expelled some scholars for "incorrigible wickedness," but in vain. The rules were perpetually broken, and he never appears to have had a glimpse of the fact that he was striving after the impossible. Of the nature of boyhood he had no conception, and why he could not turn out rows of juvenile Wesleys, caring for nothing but work and devotion, was by him set down to any cause but the right one.

In his forty-eighth year he married Mrs. Vizzelle, a widow, with four children and a fortune. Her money Wesley would not touch, but had it settled upon her. Some time before he had pub-

lished *Thoughts on a Single Life*, in which he extolled celibacy and advised the unmarried who found it possible to remain single, alleging that he was a bachelor because he thought he could be more useful in that state. It was a sad day when he changed his mind and fell in love with Mrs. Vizzelle. He stipulated with her that he should not preach one sermon nor travel one mile the less after marriage than before. "If I thought I should," said he, "well as I love you I should never see your face more." With these views, what could a wife be to him but an "incumbrance"? At first she conformed to his ascetic habits and traveled with him, but soon she grew tired of his rigid and restless life and the society of the humble Methodists to whom she was introduced. She began to grumble, but Wesley was far too busy to attend to her wails; then she grew jealous, opened his letters, followed him about from town to town as a spy, and plagued him in every way, openly and secretly, that her malice could contrive.

"By her outrageous jealousy and abominable temper," says Southey, "she deserves to be classed in a triad with Xantippe and the wife of Job as one of the three bad wives."

Wesley, however, was not a man to be henpecked. "Know me," said he, in one of his letters to her, "and know yourself. Suspect me no more, asperse me no more, provoke me no more; do not any longer contend for mastery, for power, money, or praise; be content to be a private, insignificant person, known and loved by God and me. Of what importance is your character to mankind? If you were buried just now, or if you had never lived, what loss would it be to the cause of God?"

After being a thorn in his flesh for twenty years, she left home, carrying off his journals and papers, which she never returned. He simply states the fact in his diary, saying he knew not what the cause had been, and adds: "I did not forsake her, I did not diamias her, I will not recall her." She lived ten years after her flight, and in 1781 died at Camberwell, where a stone in the churchyard attests that "she was a woman of exemplary virtue, a tender parent, and a sincere friend," but it mercifully says nothing of her conjugal life.

GERMAN SILVER AND ITS DEADLY EFFECT.—A peculiarity of a worker in German silver spoons is the color of his hair. Years of labor in the trimming or buffing room of a spoon factory dyes the hair of the operative a pale green, which it takes years to change. The principal part of the composition of German silver is copper. The fine emery wheels used in trimming and shaping the spoon fills the air with minute particles of this noxious poison, that soon fills the lungs, colors the hair and eyebrows, and in time brings on a disease similar to consumption.



## HOW TO DRESS BECOMINGLY.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

## MORNING DRESS.

THE remark is sometimes heard, "Whenever I look like a perfect witch I am sure to be caught." The remedy is a very evident one. Never look like a witch, because there is no necessity for it. No matter how poor you are, nor how much you have to do, you need not look like a witch. Every woman cannot dress stylishly; but even if one is a long way behind the fashion, and can get only the cheapest materials, the dress can at least be neat and the hair in order; this will make a person fit to be "caught" by any one.

A little girl who had been very frugally brought up once remarked that "she supposed queens even wore delaine dresses in the morning to do their sweeping and dusting in"—a delaine dress in the morning being the child's idea of "a bloated aristocrat." Some people's morning attire, however, is quite as incongruous as the little girl's fancy of a queen in a delaine dress sweeping and dusting. We have seen a lady (?) in a chintz breakfast dress liberally adorned with diamonds, and another with the dirtiest possible finger-nails on a hand that flashed with the precious gems, while the badly arranged dress gave hints of sadly neglected attire beneath.

Among people who desire to make a show, but who can accomplish it only with a struggle, no part of the dress is so much neglected as that worn in the early part of the day, when they do not expect to be seen—meaning, of course, by visitors, as they are distinctly visible to those nearest and dearest to them. This is a great mistake, for the beautiful freshness of the morning calls for a corresponding freshness of attire; and a dingy, half-soiled breakfast-dress is a most unsightly object. That "anything will do" for morning home-wear is a generally accepted axiom with a certain class, and a large bag with a draw-string would often be as slightly as some of the garments worn.

This is true, however, only of those whose aim is outside show, and who are not in keeping all the way through; for pretty morning dresses, as well as other dresses, are worn by people who have a due regard for the fitness of things.

Half a century or so ago white cambric morning dresses were worn even in winter by ladies of leisure; and an aged lady of our acquaintance delights in telling of her teacher at boarding-school who wore a dainty white wrapper a whole week of mornings and looked fresh and pure to the last. This comparatively youthful preceptress was, like Tennyson's false Earl, "fair to see," and a word-picture of her, in the scanty white robe of the day, with eyes darkly, deeply, beautifully blue and a rose-leaf color tinting her fair cheek, has been drawn again and again for a child's gratification. She wore thin stockings and slippers, in keeping with the summery morning dress, but protected her pretty hands with kid gloves, from which the finger-tips had been cut. The deeply interested child knew her so well, though she never saw her.

Nothing is prettier now than a white morning-dress, which may be simplicity itself or elaborately

ruffled and trimmed. Cambric muslin can be worn only by fresh, clear complexions; nainsook is more generally becoming, and sheer French organdy best of all. The thinner the material, the less frequently it will need to be laundried. Both material and style, however, should be regulated by the appearance and means of the wearer.

Ribbons in moderation are admissible on a breakfast dress, and even a bow in the hair; but a throat and belt cluster of blue *morning-glories* is prettier on white than all the gros-grain ribbon that was ever made. Yes, actual *live morning-glories*; of course, they are perishable, but they will last through breakfast and even longer. Such a *bouquet de corsage* is not common, but very charming.

A bunch of clover-blossom, if you did but know it, lady fair, is sweet in more senses than one with the white morning dress, and may often be had when morning-glories are not available. Try them for a breast-knot, and do not be afraid, either, of the pretty green leaves.

For winter wear, thick white goods, with a cream or *écru tinge*, are made into pretty breakfast dresses, jean, unbleached muslin, and Turkish toweling being admirably adapted for the purpose; and these may be trimmed very much as the fancy of the wearer suggests. But those who have household duties to perform must eschew white, unless the dress is changed directly after breakfast, and as this involves some trouble a more serviceable costume will often be preferred.

Cambric or gingham will be found most comfortable for summer wear; and a dress of such simple material, selected and made with taste and finished with snowy collar or *ruche*, may prove quite as becoming as a more elaborate one of white. An apron, whether of black silk, linen, or thinner white material, is, when prettily made, a bewitching article of attire, and makes a very suitable addition to a dress of this description.

Linen collars and cuffs harmonize best with the simplicity of morning costume, but there are some who find them so exceedingly unbecoming that they will not wear them at any time, and others who *should* not for the same reason. Narrow frills of thin muslin, or even of lace, may be substituted with great advantage; but showy, expensive laces are as much out of place at the breakfast table as artificial flowers or jewelry. Simplicity and naturalness should be the prominent characteristics of morning dress, and elaborately arranged hair that would not, perhaps, seem out of place with evening dress, has a stiff, unpleasant appearance in the morning.

Jewelry, at this hour, should be strictly confined to necessary articles, with the exception of earrings, if they are particularly becoming and quiet in style. Brooch and sleeve-buttons to match are also allowable, but necklaces, bracelets, and all superfluities are avoided by persons of good taste. When the sleeves are too short for cuffs, and something is needed, a plain band of gold or silver may be worn, but black velvet ribbon is prettier and more becoming than either.

## Religious Reading.

### THE ISSUES AND THE INCREASE.

"BUT God only knows the unnecessary anguish I went through lest I had not been earnest enough; lest some unthought-of word of mine, uttered more from the heart, might have saved my brother; tormenting myself like many another young soldier in the fight, instead of asking God for grace to do my best and quietly leaving the issues and increase with Him." So writes Ellice Hopkins in her book, *Work Among Workingmen*, and the few lines hold a lesson we all need to learn. It is so hard to remember always it is only our best God asks us to do in any given work, and that, having done that, all the rest must be left with Him. We are such impatient "doers of the word," and torment ourselves so needlessly with the "might have been;" fearful lest some other way of doing would have been better, and that, had we acted differently, spoken differently, the result would have been quicker and more blessed, when why should we do it? If we have honestly tried to do our best; if we have listened until we heard the voice of God saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it," and then have gone on step by step as He leads us, looking to Him in love and faith through all, why should we be disheartened and faithless if the good we sought comes slower or in other ways than we expected? We sow our seed by the morning light and look for the evening to see it growing, forgetting that "Paul planted, Apollos watered, and God giveth the increase"—giveth it not in our time it may be, but in His own best time, in His own divinely wise way. We have but to do our part and wait in faith for Him to do His. He will surely do it, and as surely will He see to it that no effort of ours toward the right fails of its purpose. "As the heaven is high above the earth, so is His thought above our thought, and His way above our way," and though we may not always see just *how*, yet we know His work is going on and on, picking up a thread here and a thread there, weaving it all in all the bright little words of love we speak; all the good deeds we do; all the noble thoughts we feel; the very uplifting of our hearts in blest communion with the good and beautiful around us, all are gathered up and woven into the grand pattern He is making; but through it all we do each only our own little part—never His—and it is well for us when we can learn it is "unnecessary anguish" we suffer, when we try to usurp His place and hasten the outcome of what we do.

It is so hard for our impatient, over-anxious hearts to "quietly leave the issues and increase with Him," or, as He has said, "having done all to stand," yes, that is it, to stand; when we want to push on to the end, to wait for the slow ripening of the seed sown in our love and longing.

Isn't it strange that we who live in the beautiful country, and see how nature works and waits from spring to fall, and from fall to spring again; that we who hear the very voice of Divinity all around us, and watch how slowly the seed, cast in the brown furrows in the first warmth of the spring-

time, makes progress toward the ripened fruit of October, with all the brightness of the summer sun, all the refreshing sweetness of the summer rain between—isn't it strange that we see and feel all this, knowing it to be God's own way of working, and yet do not learn to apply the same rule to spiritual life and growth? If even a little seed can not quicken into life and come to its full measure of development, if it cannot "climb to a scut" in fruit and flower, without days, weeks, and months, yes, often years, of waiting and growing—why should we look for the seeds of love and truth, scattered in the thorny by-way of life, to have quicker growth? The greater the work we seek to do the longer will be the time needed in which to do it. It is a law of nature that that which grows quickly decays quickly. Without any care or planting on the part of the husbandman, numberless plants spring from the soil and soon reach their best state. A tiny sprout one day, the next a branching plant, while on the next it has withered and gone, its little life so soon over that we wonder why it grew at all and question its usefulness. But the tiny acorn grows and grows, slowly, surely, summer after summer, generation after generation, until its branches lift themselves in majestic beauty upward and outward, and how grand a thing it is! Looking at it either in its dress of summer green or in the golden glory of October, touched with the beauty of the sunrise or the sunset, or as it stands in patient strength amid the fury of the winter storms, I cannot wonder that the ancients once worshiped trees. Birds build happy homes in its branches, and all the airs of heaven sport around it, whispering of love and peace to the weary laborers who rest within its grateful shadows. It took long to grow, but none can feel it is not well worth waiting for. Could man have done it all? Man could sow the seed and till the soil, and then he could wait, for his work for it was done. God must send the sunshine and the rain; the breezy days and the stilly nights; the Junes and the Decembers—God must give the increase; and no fretting or repining on our part, no impatience at the long delay, could make it any different or hasten its growth one particle.

Is this hard, do you say? Nay, it is one of the most blessed truths of earth or heaven, and when our hearts are in "sweet attune" with His, we are most thankful to have it so. Do you not see how against our weakness and ignorance it sets all the strength and wisdom of God? against our impatience His patience? against our little day His unending day? against time eternity? and what may not be done when this is so? Only let us be sure of ourselves—sure we ought to do just what we do do, and all is well. Right here let me quote again from Miss Hopkins's book. Speaking of the difficulties under which she worked, of the unkind criticisms which met her, and of the urgency of the call she felt to do just the work she did, and the certainty of her Heavenly Father's blessing upon it, she says: "If there is one truth that I have grasped more strongly than another it is this: Only be sure of your duty and there must be an

infinite store of force in God which you can lay hold of to do with, as an engineer lays hold of a force in nature and drives his engine right through the granite bases of an Alp! If you are sure that it is God's will that you should do it, then 'I can't' must be a lie on the lips that repeat, 'I believe in the Holy Ghost.'

"So nigh to grandeur is our dust,  
So nigh is God to man,  
When Duty whispers low, "Thou must,"  
The soul replies, "I can,""

As St. Theresa said in answer to some objections when she set about founding a much-needed orphanage with only three half-pence in her pocket, 'Theresa and three half-pence can do nothing, but God and three half-pence can do all things,' I had but the three half-pence, but I might be used to redeem these men from the slavery of sin." In this strength she took up her work, and how wonderfully it has been blessed! Think of how she—a timid, shrinking woman, hardly more than a girl—went into the suburbs of London, "with its lawless population of roughs," because she had "the strongest conviction that the Gospel of Christ was essentially for men," and had "made up her mind to see if something could not be done to influence the men, as well as the girls," to better living.

Duty whispered "Thou must," and the God in her soul replied, "I can," and most nobly has she wrought. Who can tell how far and wide her influence has spread? or know how many, through her efforts blessed of God, have turned from their evil ways and become humble followers of the true light? Yet it was not all done in one day nor in many days. She worked and waited, and while she waited God worked; and so the good spread from one heart to another and there came to be peace and good-will among men where before had been strife and hate and all ungodliness. Was it not worth waiting for? If the "drying up a single tear" has so much "honest fame," what must it be to have won immortal souls from suffering and sin? to have caused songs of praise to echo through courts and alleys where once was heard only loud cursing and ribaldry? Well may Ellice Hopkins "thank God and be glad."

Until recently, England had another noted worker among the haunts of misery and vice of whom she may justly be proud—Joseph Livesey, of Preston, the founder of the total abstinence movement in that country. It is interesting to read how, being "too poor to gain an education in school," while working on a cotton-loom in a damp cellar he bought a few books, and, fastening them to the breast-beam of his loom, studied while he worked and "thus prepared himself to become a vigorous and instructive writer to the laboring classes of Great Britain." Writing of him, Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler says: "It seemed the habit of his life to search out the fallen and degraded; for when traveling abroad or visiting cities at home, he always preferred to see the state of the slums, where misery had its abode, rather than the beautiful effects of nature and of art." On the first of September, 1832, he drew up the first teetotal pledge, and when, a little later, he went up to London to deliver his first lecture on beer-drinking, so unpopular was the subject he was obliged to spend two weeks in hunting for a room

in which to speak, and then could only collect an audience of twenty-four persons! Yet "he lived to see the great reform which he inaugurated expand itself over the British Empire. His mustard-seed, planted in faith, grew to be such a great tree that on his eightieth birthday addresses of honor and congratulation were sent to him from all parts of the land." Three years ago, Mr. Cuyler "addressed an assemblage of fifty thousand total abstainers in the Crystal Palace, near London!" What a change in comparatively a short time! Surely, "God giveth the increase!"

Like to Mr. Livesey in his earnest devotion to his chosen work and his faithfulness to the very lowest and most degraded, was our own Jerry McAuley, so lately "gone up higher." Angels only can tell the story of such lives. In golden letters the records stand in the Book of Life, and though earth may give them no statues, they will wear bright crowns "over there," while glad lips tell, "I was sick and in prison, and ye visited me," and multitudes go up to give them welcome. It is such a grand thing to live for the good of erring humanity! grand, indeed, if one may give their life to this purpose; yet we who cannot go out from our homes in search of the fallen need not be troubled. There must ever be careful Marthas to do the home-work, and the "issues and increase" of what we do are in His hands, and He will see to it that all is well. We have but to do our best each in our own appointed way and time.

EARNEST.

### THE PAINTER'S PRAYER.

"Nec me Prætermittas, Domine!"

(An incident in the painting of Holman Hunt's "Light of the World.")

"NAY," he said, "it is not done!  
At to-morrow's set of sun  
Come again, if you would see  
What the finished thought may be."  
Straight they went. The heavy door  
On its hinges swung once more,  
As within the studio dim  
Eye and heart took heed of him!

How the Presence filled the room,  
Brightening all its dusky gloom!  
Saints and martyrs turned their eyes  
From the hills of Paradise;  
Rapt in holy ecstasy,  
Mary smiled her Son to see,  
Letting all her lilies fall  
At His feet—the Lord of all!

But the painter bowed his head,  
Lost in wonder and in dread,  
And as at a holy shrine  
Knelt before the form divine.  
All had passed—the pride, the power  
Of the soul's creative hour—  
Exaltation's soaring flight  
To the spirit's loftiest height.

Had he dared to paint the Lord?  
Dared to paint the Christ, the Word?  
Ah, the folly! ah, the sin!  
Ah, the shame his soul within!

Saints might turn on Him their eyes  
From the hills of Paradise,  
But the painter could not brook  
On that pictured face to look.

Yet the form was grand and fair,  
Fit to move a world to prayer;  
Godlike in its strength and stress,  
Human in its tenderness.  
From it streamed the Light divine,  
O'er it drooped the heavenly vine,  
And beneath the bending spray  
Stood the Life, the Truth, the Way!

Suddenly with eager hold,  
Back he swept the curtain's fold,  
Letting all the sunset glow  
O'er the living canvas flow.  
Surely, then the wondrous eyes  
Met his own in tenderest wise,  
And the Lord Christ, half revealed,  
Smiled upon him as he kneeled!

Trembling, throbbing, quick as thought,  
Up he brush and palette caught,  
And, where deepest shade was thrown,  
Set one sign for God alone!  
Years have passed—but but even yet,  
Where the massive frame is set  
You may find these words: "*Nec me  
Prætermittas, Domine!*"

"Neither pass me by, O Lord!"  
Christ, the Life, the Light, the Word,  
Low we bow before Thy feet  
Thy remembrance to entreat!  
In our soul's most secret place,  
For no eye but thine to trace,  
Lo! this prayer we write: "*Nec me  
Prætermittas, Domine!*"

JULIA C. R. DORR.

### MANY MANSIONS.

**M**OST of us think about Heaven sometimes, and most of our ideas about it are probably wrong. There is too much of earth about us to allow us to understand what Heaven really means, because flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God, neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. Some people's idea of Heaven is one continual singing of hymns and playing of harps; others picture it as a life of rest or inaction—in a word, an eternal idleness. Both notions are surely wrong. We can praise God in other ways than by singing, and here on earth we are taught to show forth His praise not only with our lips, but in our lives. Then the idea that in Heaven we shall have nothing to do is certainly false; here we can do very little, even the best of us; there we shall begin to do greater works than we ever dreamed of here.

The chief point to dwell upon in thinking of the heavenly life is this—it will be exactly the right kind of life for each one of us. We shall be exactly in the place suited to us, and we shall do what we are most fit to do. All situations in life don't suit the same people—the man who is

happy in one place would be miserable in another. Surely here is the true meaning of our dear Lord's words, "In my Father's house are many mansions." There will be a place and a work suited to each character and capacity. Here on earth, if you take a cottager, who has been accustomed to his two or three little rooms, and put him down in the royal apartments of the Queen's palace, he feels very uncomfortable; he would rather be back in his cottage—it is not a mansion for him. Or if a man of wealth, who has been accustomed to a large house and every luxury and a good library of books, is suddenly placed in a narrow cabin, with only coarse food, no attendants, and, above all, no books—he is wretched, he is out of place. Well, we may believe that no one will be out of place in Heaven. Jesus has undertaken the matter for us; He says, "I go to prepare a place for you;" and we can trust our Lord to provide the right place for each one of us. We don't all need the same things to make us happy, and God, who knows that and all things, has not made Heaven all of one pattern, all one dead level, but a House of many and very different mansions.

A mother was standing by the dying bed of her little child. She tried to lead the child's thoughts to Heaven, and told her how the city was of pure gold—of dazzling brightness. But the little one shuddered, and cried that the light would hurt her eyes. Then the mother told her of the choirs of angels and the songs before the throne, and the child answered that the noise would make her head ache. At last the mother took the moaning child to her breast, and as she nestled there, she said, "If Heaven is like this, I am ready to go there."

For some there will be an existence of dazzling brightness, an existence full of grandeur and glory—like the sound of a mighty anthem; others, those who loved much, shall find, like St. John, their greatest joy in resting on the bosom of their Lord. I think we may feel sure that the heavenly life will be like our earthly life, but infinitely higher, purer, nobler, happier. If our nature is to be utterly changed after death, all our feelings, thoughts, desires altered, we should not be the same people—we should not know ourselves or those whom we love. I rather believe that our feelings, thoughts, and characters will be the same, only purified and cleansed from all evil. We may believe, too, that the heavenly life will be one of progress and of education. Here we are born speechless infants, and have to learn the language of the country; so in Heaven, I think, we shall have to learn many things; and the secret of the Lord, and the greatest mysteries of Heaven, will come to us by degrees. Another grand thought about Heaven is that there will be no selfishness there—that curse of earth will find no place in Heaven. Before we can enter there we shall have learnt to say and to mean, "Thy will be done." There all our work of whatever kind, and it will be of many kinds, will be for God and not for self. It will be, too, a life of perfect sympathy. We shall all understand each other; there will be no mistakes made in Heaven.

It is often asked, Shall we recognize our friends? Surely, and more than that, none will be unknown, for "in the land where none are strangers," each will help and guide and sympathize with his com-



panion. For each one of us there waits a mansion in our Father's house. Let us take heed to our ways, lest we lose our inheritance and shut the door of Heaven against ourselves. There is a place, and the right place, waiting for each of us. For you, O man of keen intellect! and for you, O simple, unlearned cottager! for you, poor mother, cumbered with much serving and careful about many things; for you, gray-haired patriarch; and for you, bright little child, "in our Father's house are many mansions."—*Sunday Sermonettes for a Year*, by Rev. H. J. Wilnot Buxton, M. A.

A NOBLE CHARACTER — It is the constant repetition of right actions which builds up a noble character. A distinguished clergyman, deprecating the extreme reliance often placed on external aids, said, "Crutches are capital for locomotion, but for strengthening the limb which they save from the ground not very capital. No, rely upon it, the spiritual life is not knowing or hearing, but doing. We know only as far as we can do, we learn to do by doing, and we learn to know by doing. What we do truly, rightly, in the way of duty, that, and only that, we are."

## Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

### TOM SLUG.

"THIS will never do, Tom," said Mr. Benjamin Slug, as he read his son's school report for another term. "You must really rouse up, or you'll never make a man of yourself."

Mr. Slug had got on in the world by acting on the motto, "Labor conquers everything," and thus from an office-boy he had risen to the head of the firm. Justly proud of his own success, and knowing its secret, he was very anxious his son should follow in his steps. To this end he had put him to the best schools and given him every chance of a good education. But the burden of every report was the same: "The lad has good natural abilities, and would make a splendid scholar had he application"—a polite way of saying that Tom was lazy.

There was a picture in his bedroom of a field in a wilderness state of briars and thorns. Part of it had been originally inclosed as a vineyard; but it was now covered with nettles, and the vines were overrun with foxes, finding ready entrance by the ruined wall. In one corner of the vineyard was a lodge, the latticed window showing the drowsy keeper within, murmuring now and again, as he turned from side to side: "Yet a little sleep and a little slumber, then will I arise and till my field and trim my vines." In the dim distance, the grim, gaunt, hungry looking figure of Poverty was seen stealthily approaching. Tom often looked at this picture, but hitherto had not fully learned its lesson.

He was a thoughtful boy in his way, and sometimes philosophized a bit about his lazy tendencies. Indeed, he was a philosopher in petticoats; for he would sometimes argue to himself in this way: "My name is Slug. Why, it's the name of that slimy, gliding thing on the garden walks! I wonder if the family got its name—as Edward Longshanks got his, from his long legs—from the slowness of some member reminding people of a slug! If so, how can I help being sluggish?—it's in the blood."

He had yet to learn that men are born into the world like colts, and need breaking-in to be of full use.

The boy was quick with his eyes, however, if slow with his hands and feet. He had picked up a good deal, in this way, about beasts and birds and flies and creeping things. On this memorable afternoon he was fresh from a book about the

Termites or "white ants," found in Africa, which build nests twelve feet high, some on the ground, shaped like pointed haycocks or huge mushrooms; and some in trees, shaped like sugar-casks, with a covered-way to them, winding round the trunk, from the ground.

There was a seriousness in his father's tone as he begged Tom to free himself from the growing slavery of indolence by one grand effort which made him feel very miserable and disgusted with himself. In this mood he wandered into the orchard and threw himself down under a tree. It was a beautiful summer evening. The slanting sunlight barred the grass with long shafts of green and gold. Hard by, a little stream made music as it ran. The air was thronged with insects, dancing away their little day in the sunset hour. Tom could not help feeling the beauty of the scene. And some sense of sweetness would mingle with the bitterness that found vent in his tears. When these had ceased, his eye chanced to fall on a nest of ants, the inmates of which were very busy around him, some repairing the nest, others guarding it, and others carrying stores into it.

As he watched them, the nest began to grow sensibly bigger, until it seemed as if he could walk up and down in it. Tom thought this was a splendid chance of exploring an ant-hill, and making up to the nest, was about to enter, when two of the guards rushed out clashing their jaws so fiercely that he felt quite frightened. He was still more startled, however, when one of them asked him what he wanted. On recovering himself, he made bold to ask if he might be allowed to see over the nest. The guards conversed for a moment, and then one of them went inside, and presently returned with a kindly, motherly-looking ant, who said: "The Queen has been pleased to grant your request, and appointed me your guide. Please step this way."

The entrance opened into a kind of hall, which again narrowed into a lobby, having a pillar at the entrance, midway between the walls. Seeing Tom look wonderingly at this pillar, the guide told him it was to make the nest easier of defense when attacked. "You see," she said, "a couple of ants could keep a whole army at bay here."

Tom thought it a most skillful device.

Passing through this lobby, they came to another hall, much larger than the first, with pillars here and there, to support the roof.



"This is the grand assembly-room," said the guide.

Then she led him into another lobby, having a row of cells on each side. Thence they mounted a staircase and passed through a gallery, which also had rows of cells on each side. There was something, or somebody, in every cell.

Now and again they met a long string of ants bearing burdens. The leader of one of these—a big-jawed ant—seized Tom with his nippers as they were passing, and would have made them meet in his flesh had not the guide signaled that he was a friend.

Tom might have grown weary with his long tramp but for some entertaining accounts of other ant-neats by the guide. She described one hollowed out of the branches and twigs of a thorn-tree for the sake of honey hidden there; another purse-shaped, made by gluing leaves together while on the tree; and another, stranger still, made with dried cakes of refuse, arranged like tiles on the branches of a tree, one large cake forming the roof.

As they came to one cell a joyous company passed out, having among them a large ant of very stately bearing.

"The Queen! the Queen!" cried the guide. "Isn't she a right noble lady?"

Tom took note how very devoted and attentive the ants were to their Queen. Her body-guard lifted her gently over all rough places; and when the royal party met a troop of working-ants, the latter divided and saluted the former as it passed along.

Turning into the cell the Queen had just left, they saw the floor covered with the smallest eggs Tom had ever seen. They were scarcely bigger than a pin-point.

"But come this way," said the guide, "and I'll show you the nursery."

This was one of the coziest cells in the whole nest. Here, ranged against the walls, like classes in a school, were rows upon rows of small, white, legless grubs. They looked like tiny sugar-loaves, and were made up of eleven or twelve rings. Every little creature had its nurse, who was either feeding it or washing it or just taking it out for an airing or bringing it in.

"What in the world are these funny little things?" asked Tom.

"Why, they have come out of eggs like those you saw just now, and if spared, will be full-grown ants some day. Now you must see the spinning-room." So saying, the guide led Tom across a passage into another cell.

Here a number of fine fat grubs were spinning gauze dresses for themselves, which were to shroud their bodies from top to toe. A few were spinning an additional coat of silk to put over the gauze dress.

"These are their night gowns," said the guide. "And the moment they are covered from head to foot they will go to sleep for a month or six weeks without waking."

Tom thought that *would* be nice.

The spinning-room led to the dormitory. Here Tom saw what at first looked like piles of broken twigs and tiny balls of silk; but when he examined the bits of stick more closely he could trace the face and limbs of an insect through the gauze covering. They looked, for all the world, like

the pictured mummies he had seen in books. The guards in the room looked rather savagely at Tom when he entered; but a glance from the guide made all right.

"You need not walk so softly. A thousand cannon, thundering over them, would not rouse them until they had slept their sleep out. As soon as they show the least sign of waking, however, they will be taken into the next room and unswathed."

To this room they now proceeded. The sight Tom saw here interested him much more than anything he had yet seen in the ant-world. The floor was strewn with mummy-like forms, and silk balls like those in the room just left; but they were stirring a little as if alive. Mounted on each one were three or four ants, who carefully assisted the inmates to unwrap themselves; then they took the limbs from their sheaths and smoothed them out; and at last the released prisoner stood up on its six legs, in all the freedom of a full grown ant. What a change from the little, helpless worm!

Tom examined one of these brand-new ants very minutely. He found the mouth had two pairs of jaws, which moved from side to side, and not up and down, like his own. One pair of jaws was like toothed scissors, with a sharp pointed beak. These, he learned, were to fight with. From the front of the head sprang two long, jointed things, like a thresher's flail, but club-shaped at the end. The guide said these were the most useful things an ant had—arms, hands, and nose all in one—and that if she lost them she was the most helpless of creatures. But what wonderful eyes! There were five altogether—three arranged in a triangle on the top of the head, and one on each side. The two last were very large, and seemed made up of hundreds of smaller eyes. Tom tried to count them; but when he had reached a thousand in one socket alone he gave it up. Tom also discovered that each ant had a bag in its hinder part, filled with poison, which in fighting it could spurt into the bodies of its enemies. The guide told him that one family of ants had stings, as well as poison-bags.

Tom had observed on the backs of some of the ants when unswathed, and just above the breathing-holes, two pair of delicate wings, while the greater number had none. He learned, on inquiry, that the winged insects were kings and queens, and those without wings common workers.

On reminding his guide that the Queen they saw a little while ago had no wings, she said: "You are quite right, Master Sharp-eyes. But she once had wings, and I'll tell you how she lost them. The wings of the King and Queen are for the wedding-trip only. The King dies, or is killed off, on his return, while the Queen strips off her wings and sets seriously to her life-work of laying eggs, and that is how she loses her wings. See! there they go for the wedding-trip!"

Tom turned, and saw two rather elegant-looking ants, with wings half-raised, making toward the door of the nest. He and the guide followed just in time to wish them much happiness, as they flew away through the sunlit air.

Tom, seeing himself at the main door again,

and thinking he had trespassed quite long enough on the kindness of his ant-friend, turned to thank her, and to send also a message of thanks to the Queen, when she exclaimed: "Oh! I have a good deal more to show you. You have not seen our cowa yet."

"Cows, cowa! Ants have cows!" cried Tom, in astonishment.

"Yes; ants have cows; and if you will step this way, you shall see them."

Tom obeyed, and they retraced their steps through one of the long corridors. As they went along they met an ant carrying a heavy burden.

"What! busy yet?" said the guide, and they touched hands as they passed. "That is one of the best workers in the whole hive; she works fifteen hours a day, many a time." Presently they came upon a little insect with a tuft of hairs on its back, which an ant sucked, and then went away, licking its lips. "That is a walking honey-pot," said the guide. "We keep several in the nest, and when we want a taste, we suck them, as you saw that ant do just now."

Tom opened his eyes at this. But he opened them wider when he learned that there were ants who were living honey jars, who stored up honey, and gave it out as required to the other members of the community.

Just then a very small ant leaped on the back of the guide and put its long spider-legs round her neck.

"Siennie, Stennie, my little pet, don't quite choke me with your hugs.—You see we have pets, as well as cows and living honey-pots," turning to Tom.

They had now reached the cowshed, connected with the main nest by a covered-way. It was built round and over the leaves of a daisy plant which formed the stalls for the cows.

Tom was looking for a large four-legged creature; and when the guide pointed out quite a herd of small green insects, he thought she was surely poking fun at him. But these were the ant-cows. For by and by the milkmaids came in, went up to the cows, and stroked them very gently until drops of honey fell from them, which they drank. As Tom stood watching them, he remembered to have seen green insects like these on the rose-trees and gooseberry bushes in his father's garden; and the thought struck him that what people call honey-dew was the honey dropped by these little creatures.

The guide told him as they walked away that there were some ants that grew their own rice, and even mushroom.

"Dear me," thought Tom, "ants are as clever as men."

Coming to a door that led into the grand hall, and looking in, the guide exclaimed: "Why, the sports are on, and I did not know."

It was a merry scene. At one end was the Queen with all her courtiers round her, watching the games. Here a long double row of ants was playing at thread-needle. There a company was dancing; close by were several pairs wrestling and boxing; while many of the youngsters were playing at hide-and-seek all round the hall. Suddenly, when the merriment was at its height, a cry was heard: "To the pillar, to the pillar! The foe! the foe! Seal the inner doors!"

The scene was changed in an instant. The

Queen had her bodyguard doubled, and was taken off at once to the royal cell, and sealed up. The keepers of the eggs, the grubs, and the mummies hurried away to their respective cells, and filled up the doorways with clay. The cow-keepers did the same with the entrance to the covered-way. All was excitement. When the defenses were completed, all waited the onrush of the enemy. But it proved a false alarm. One of the outposts had indeed seen a legion of soldier ants in the distance, tending toward the nest. They were simply rounding a hill, however, and then made for a nest of negro ants, intent on making slaves. This was the explanation of a scout, who had been sent out to see how the thing would turn.

Tom was utterly dumfounded when he heard of ant-slaves.

"Do ants really make and hold slaves?" he asked, in utter astonishment, of his guide.

"Yes, some; but not all. We have no slaves, but do all our work ourselves. There is one tribe of ants, the 'Amazona,' great slaveholders; but they do nothing but fight and lounge. They are very brave in war, however, and never take or kill the up-grown ants of a nest, except these try to hinder them from carrying off their young, which they want to bring up and make into slaves. But they have to pay dearly for their laziness."—Tom winced.—"They are called the 'Workers;' but they are just the opposite, when not fighting. They neither feed nor clean themselves nor their young ones. All this is done for them by slaves, who actually have to carry them on their backs when they go to a new settlement. In fact, they have lost the power of doing anything for themselves, through having everything done for them, and not using the power they had. Their jaws have lost their teeth, and are now simply nippers with which they kill their foes. And all this results from indolence."—Tom winced again. Was she pointing at him?—"But," she went on, "I know another tribe, the Round jaws, who have become more helpless still in the same way. They are even losing their nipping power; and if it were not for their slaves, who carry them to the field and then fight by their side, they would never win a battle. There is one other tribe which sloth has plunged into yet deeper depths of degradation, the Wornouts. They are the mere puppet masters of their slaves, who have become the real masters. Laziness is a terrible curse; it can blight the finest powers." The speaker's thousand eyes flashed fire as she spoke these words, and made Tom tremble.

He shuddered at the picture of the ants on whom the curse of idleness had fallen. It made him think of the picture in his bedroom. Did he really see what his future might be—and would be, did he not change—in these pictures? And he groaned aloud, in anguish of heart, at the thought.

"Tom, Tom, rouse up, my boy! You will get your death of cold sleeping like that in the grass. Come in and get some warm supper." This was Tom's father, who had been seeking him, high and low, for some time, and had found him at last, fast asleep in the orchard.

Tom's adventure in an ant-hill was a dream; yet not all a dream, passing away with his waking thoughts, like the morning cloud. The last words of his guide rang through his mind for

many a day: "Laziness is a terrible curse, and can blight the finest powers." It was the turning-point in his life, which suffered as great a change as that which turned the white legless grub, in his

dream, into a light, airy insect. It was a new birth. A few months later he went to business, and soon won a character for patient industry, which he kept throughout his life.

## The Home Circle.

### "THEY HAVE THEIR SALARY."

MISS ANDERSON picked the gill of ripe, red fruit that her half-dozen young strawberry-plants yielded, and sent it, with a happy little thought—well, somewhere.

"It isn't much," she whispered to herself, "but it will be received in just the spirit it is sent, I know. I do wonder, sometimes, why it is that the dear Father keeps putting it into my heart to divide and yet places so little in my hands that it seems scarcely worth sharing. I'm sure if I possessed more I'd try to make it a blessing—but perhaps not. With riches, I have heard, comes a strange, unnatural selfishness, and He knows what discipline is best for my heart. But I know where plenty is, and I'll make an errand across the way and possibly I can bring the subject round. Bread and potatoes are things, truly, for which to be thankful—yet—"

As she walked along the path, there went, also, all unguessed, a great angel. He it was who had spoken not in vain and who had repaid her a thousand-fold and unspeakably more for her little sacrifice. When she had finished her mission and withdrawn from her neighbor's home, the spirit of its thrifty mistress was vexed. Little, indeed, dreamed she that an angel was lingering, her guest. Ah! had she but dreamed! How she had poured out of her stores and her treasures; how her bosom had been swept of its unkindly thought; how for this blessed visitant's sake she had blessed all within her reach!

But he came, and, knowing it not, she only fretted and cried: "Dear me! what managers some persons are! Now, if I had the seven hundred dollars that minister receives I could support my family like a princess. Yet, what a time they do have, to be sure; and how their children do behave and what appetites they possess! He managed to fall sick last autumn, and away from home, too. However, I don't suppose their expenses were great; for she shut up the house and sent the children to stay with their relatives a hundred miles away and she went and nursed him herself. Of course, there was the doctor's bill and the board for two, but nearly every one makes a reduction to ministers. I didn't hear in this case.

"He was of no service to the church for three months, so if he gets his salary paid I think he may regard himself fortunate. Such a loss, too, just when the church was beginning to feel the benefits of his work.

"Miss Anderson needn't come bothering around desiring me to send things to the family. I've got as much as I can do to pay my honest debts, without making presents. As for the children being barefoot at school, they are no better than other people's children, and it won't hurt them a bit more.

"I suppose she is feeble and ailing, but I've plenty of acquaintances no better off and I cannot run after them all. Charity begins at home. If she needs comforts or little trifles, there's plenty of persons who live near at hand, church-members, and they can send things in. There's Mrs. Alpha, who never does anything more than to give trifles, and Mrs. Beta, who has no children to look after and who always has early fruits and vegetables in abundance, and Mrs. Gamma, who is endlessly rich. There's no use of my bothering about a few strawberries and nicknacks; good, substantial diet is better for her, anyway, and I've no time to think of the matter further."

Then the angel, whose mission was, "Thus far and no farther," wrote upon the scroll ere he reluctantly withdrew: "*But whoso hath this world's goods and seeth his brother in need and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?*"

There was a modest home where he had often been a welcome guest, albeit shadow as well as light had been there. As he flew noiselessly into the widow's chamber, he found the shadow had prevailed. Once, twice, he essayed to whisper words of comfort; but the angel speaks so softly if we would hear we must listen on our knees.

This was Mrs. Alpha, the giver of trifles.

"I would like so much to call upon the minister when I go in town to-day, but it is more than a year since I have had a tarthing that I could really call my own to pay him, and I am disheartened. It may be only my fancy, but somehow I always think he remembers when he sees me, and—ah! me. My little offerings would be well enough if I could only supplement them with something more substantial, but I am ashamed of this meagre work. While there are so many wealthy church-members I despair of doing anything acceptable."

And the soft gleam of the angel's wings failed to scatter the shadow. Would that she had listened when he whispered:

"*Of a truth, I say unto you that this poor widow hath cast in more than they all.*"

But with bowed head she sat, hearing, though not understanding, and the angel passed by.

Mrs. Beta moved amidst the comfortable surroundings of her morning-room. A household where no little ones made the air musical with their merry strife; a heart whose fountains had never yet been set flowing in sympathy with its kind. Outside, the winds tossed hither and thither the fragrance of flowers, and plenty grew up and perished and no living thing was the better therefor. If a thought for the good of others ever stirred momentarily it was put aside.

"I use my own. I trouble no one. I have a

right to my peace. Let the world go on as it will, I am satisfied."

Long the angel gazed e'er his pen drew its burning traces:

*"Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these, ye did it not unto me!"*

Another home, more brilliant than the last, and all astir with busy life. Surely, here the unseen angel will find help for the distressed. He hovers pleadingly, breathing tender thoughts.

"Yes," Mrs. Gamma responds, "I have heard that Mrs. M—— is quite indisposed. I have inquired of Mr. Gamma whether the salary the church allows is entirely sufficient to meet the family wants, and he assures me that it is—perfectly. I am sorry for their affliction. Illness brings a vast amount of discomfort to a household, as I have learned from experience. I would call, but I presume my presence would but momentarily demoralize and really do no good. My life is so crowded with wider duties—missions, societies, and social demands—that it seems to leave not an empty niche. No one can accuse me of idleness or neglect of duty, I am confident. I sometimes feel myself to be the most overworked woman in existence."

Grave and hushed was the angel. Lingered, his presence cast a spell, and the woman was not at ease. But she hastened to dismiss him, while she turned her thoughts to a long column of accounts. And he went his way, and the household of the rich was at peace.

Passing by a retired and shady nook, he stooped to caress a child. Her doll lay neglected, and her face was wet and stained with tears.

"O angel that watches the earth!" she wept, "where have you gone? I have prayed to you so long, and you bring us no joy. So many days my mamma has suffered, and we are happy no more. My shoes are worn out, and yet I must go barefoot to school, for mamma says we must have our lessons. If she were well she would teach me so sweetly at home, and then no one would whisper and the girls would not say, 'See, a minister's daughter coming barefoot to school!'"

"And I am so hungry for something nice, too. Every day I can smell the delicious dinners that the cook prepares in the big stone house, and I wish I were one of the poor little errand boys. They get their living upon the streets, and often the good, kind cook gives them nice lunches. But she don't know a minister's little daughter ever wants for anything. We save all the nicest for mamma and baby, and even then they have little. O dear, good angel! can't I ever make you hear?"

Oh! the look of the sweet angel's face! Tenderly he breathed over the troubled child a fresh wind that cooled her hot cheeks and tossed blossom petals upon her lap. Lightly he kissed her fevered eyelids and left her pillowed upon the band of a sword, with happy dreams of plenty that should rest her.

A man, noble in aspect but bowed in form, sat by his table. Lines of care were upon his face, and threads of white lay upon the black of his locks, as though they had sprung there in a night. With open book and busy brain, he strove to link

thought to thought. Dearer than life and more terrible than death hung upon the faithfulness of his doing. It was his Master's command—nor would he disobey.

For a moment he faltered, and the pen hung idly between his pale fingers. A door of memory swung open and a picture lay before his pallid face: a great vista, reaching back into a bright country where white clouds and rainbow tints fluttered over dainty skies. Life and beauty and hope lent their inspiration. The way parted. Yonder lay the riches and glory of the earth. Broad and bright was the beaten road, and many a siren song, free as a fountain flow, poured out enticing melody.

Here, over narrow and rocky recesses, wound a stained path; away in the rough and desert places were fields where workers must grow faint with toil before they could pass beyond. No beauty lay in sight—only a promise of an "abundant entrance" into rest!

A man, just upon the threshold of life, stood where the path divided. The question of his heart was answered by the sweet face of one who stood beside him:

*"We will walk together!"*

In the narrow chamber, through whose thin partition her faintest tone could reach him, lay the dear woman whose feet had never faltered with a single feeling of regret. Brave in stormiest weather, believing when others doubted, hopeful when a man's heart would have despaired, quick to perceive the swiftest way through stony walls to hearts, steadfast of purpose, and walking by faith, he realized what this woman had been to his life and work. His had been called a prosperous ministry, yet all along he had felt how large a portion of the success was due to her inspiration.

And here, within sound of the rich, pain and hunger were fulfilling their deadly mission.

Only a moment, then back to his task. Light fell like a glory over the page he scanned. It was as though the world grew wider. He breathed a vast, calm air, new, yet without surprise. Again he lifted his face, touched by the life of all that stirred within.

"Thy grace is sufficient!" broke involuntarily from his lips.

"Amen! For this mercy is everlasting! Bless the Lord, O my soul!"—faint, sweet syllables, floating out from the quiet chamber.

The angel had whispered, and they had heard!  
MARY W. BOWEN.

### EXAGGERATION IN SPEECH.

IT is universally conceded that a country which indulges in the use of an inflated currency incurs great risks. Is it any less true that those who use the inflated currency of exaggerated speech are dealing in speculations from which bankruptcy, more or less complete, is likely to ensue. Exaggerated forms of speech must rise in, or will in their turn beget, exaggerated forms of thought and feeling; these, taking on through diseased habitude the guise of genuine feeling or conceptions, not only present falsehood for truth, but blunt the discriminative susceptibilities until it



is hard for either speaker or hearer to tell where the one ends and the other begins.

Exaggeration is a disease, a fungus, which threatens to cast its mold over the minds, hearts, and lives of all those under its blighting influence. How constantly we hear the use of strong expressions to convey the most trifling fact. Adjectives are multiplied and intensified; superlatives seem almost too tame to do the duty required of them; structures of rhetorical flourish are constructed whose results are utter falsehood, because they are so utterly disproportioned.

It would seem that this was one of the most contagious of epidemics; that it was carried in the air, like fever-spores, and falls upon the people with approaches that are more insidious, but not less fatal, than its ravages are mental and moral, instead of physical. Children hear their parents pervert the truth unconsciously, or from selfish, personal, or what they consider prudential reasons. Parents even tell their children what to say to give the version or coloring they desire to things whose falsity they ignore—and children are, above all things, learners.

The love of power, the desire to create a sensation, to attract attention, to tell an effective story, doubtless exert powerful influences in the corrupting of simple ways and simple terms. A story has a little added to it here, a little subtracted there, a point made stronger, a criticism more severe, the folly more foolish, the pathos or comicality more pathetic or ridiculous, and it is eagerly and credulously listened to, while its truth is partially, or oftentimes wholly, lost.

A little boy rushed to his mother's side, exclaiming, "O mother! I saw the moon, and it's as big as a cart-wheel!" "And," said the anxious mother, with a sigh, speaking of it afterward, "he always sees everything in that proportion." How many among the expressions or statements we often make or hear, if sifted down to simple exactness, would leave from the cart-wheel standard the usual moon aspect.

By the schoolgirl everything is apt to be pronounced "perfectly lovely," "perfectly splendid," "too sweet for anything," or else "quite too awful," "fearful," or "detestable." Increasing years, I fear, often change the form more than the spirit of expression. In the school-children's intense expressions of delight or dislike, and the no less pronounced and far more harmful intensity of the expressed likes and dislikes, approvals and disapprovals, glances and bitter, blinding prejudices of their elders, there is the same element of exaggeration running through and falsifying the whole.

How much greater weariness is the portion of one who says, "I'm tired to death," than of one who says simply, "I am very tired." "I thought I should die," cries one; "I could not do it to save my life!" exclaims another; while many are "frightened to death," "worried to death," etc., continually, and still, by some means, continue in a very lively state of existence notwithstanding. These little daily expressions and exclamations are but indicative. The strong exaggeration which colors them is not reserved for them alone. It colors every thought and expression in some degree, and is frequently the cause of more misconception, sorrow, and evil than can be conceived.

The law of harvest is to reap more than is

sown. The little seed of exaggeration, which is falsehood, allowed a resting place in mind or habit, grows and bears new seed, which, in their turn, increase and multiply. From one permitted act a habit may be formed, a character made or marred by a continuance of habit, and on the character rests the ultimate of life here and hereafter.

As I write I hear a voice saying, "I am almost tired to death." Raising my eyes, I see no trace of the near presence of the Great Destroyer in the vigorous form before me. "I am only just alive," the voice proceeds; but I hear no more, my mind is elsewhere. I am in a darkened room in which a family are gathered at the bedside of one whose moments are numbered. The message borne from that silent room to anxious friends without is, that the loved one is "only just alive." Within, all are watching with the longing of loving, impatient hearts for the last word or look of recognition. The deep eyes unclose; they are deep with a depth we cannot explore or understand. Already it is apparent they see, have knowledge of, other things than we can see or know; already the distance between us is impassable, but across that distance we still are known and loved. The eyes pass from face to face, pausing at each. It is a long, lingering, farewell gaze, but it has in it something so removed from this worldliness that we feel sanctified as by the touch of something holy; and, as we are conscious in our souls of the near presence of the Everlasting Arms and catch a radiance from the opening of the Golden Gate, the veil of darkness closes about us and the life that was as a part of our own is with us no more—visibly.

This scene of death—the second birth—is familiar to us all. Because it recalls moments so sacred, because it is so bound by every impulse of love and sorrow, of truth and faith, of memory, despair, and hope, the utterance of words such as I have recorded seem almost sacrilegious. I have perhaps chosen an extreme example, but it was not altogether without design. I desired to protest against the overwrought, exaggerated habit of expression, and to make the distinction between the words used and the true idea they should convey vivid. If I shall have aroused even one person to a realization of danger and to a struggle to regain the habit of simple truth, my protest will not have been in vain.

MARY FERGUSON.

## SUGGESTIONS TO YOUNG NURSES.

### CHAPTER II.

THE appetite of our invalids is apt to be poor, and oftentimes fickle. Never ask them what they want for a meal. If you are one of the family, you of course know all her likes and dislikes with regard to different dishes, and if you are a hired nurse, and so unacquainted with her taste, find it out by asking other members of the family, but not the invalid herself. If she thinks of anything that she wants she will be pretty sure to ask for it; in that case be sure to get it. I am writing now of those who can have anything to eat that they may like, not of those sick with acute diseases attended with fever, and who can only have gruels, broths, milk, or beef tea.



We will suppose that the breakfast is to consist of a baked potato, a slice of toast, and a cup of tea. Having got her ready for breakfast, let her lie and rest while you prepare it. Of course, the potato has been in the oven till it is nearly or quite half done. Now toast the bread, which should be at least thirty-six hours—no matter if a week—old. Just as the potato is done wet the toast, not by dipping it into a bowl full of water, but lay it on a plate and pour from the teakettle gently all over the slice just water enough to moisten the bread through, but not a drop to pour off. Then if she is to have butter on it, put it on, and set it in the oven while you wrap the potatoes in a warm napkin. If she is to have cream instead of butter on the toast, sprinkle a very little salt on it before wetting it, and set it in the oven without the cream. Now pour the *boiling* water on to the tea in her own little teapot. Of course, you have the tea-tray all ready, covered with a clean napkin, her knife and fork (the lightest ones you have), a tea-plate, cup and saucer, also of the lightest ware that you have, an individual salt dish, also an individual butter plate with a bit of butter, the sugar and cream—not in a common bowl and pitcher, they are too heavy. If you have the bowl and pitcher from a large-sized toy set, they are just the thing; if not, a toy tumbler or a tiny mug does nicely for the sugar, and on the five-cent counters, which are now so common, you can find real pretty little pitchers that are nice for this use. Now cut the toast in two pieces, lay one on the other on a small plate, pouring on the cream as you do so; set it on the tray; lay on the potato, still in the napkin; set on the teapot and carry it quickly in. Setting down the tray, gently lift her from the pillow with one hand, putting in the extra pillows to support her with the other, spread a large towel to save soiling the bed, and put the tray in place; unfold the potato from the napkin, open by crushing in your hand, then lay it on the tea-plate; pour the tea—setting the teapot off of the tray—and otherwise assist her as she needs, chatting cheerfully in the meantime, but by no means spoil her breakfast by asking her how she feels or where the hardest pain is.

I do not know but you think I am unnecessarily particular in giving such minute directions about these "little things," but oh! what would not I have given for just such careful directions years ago, when, miles away from mother, and with no one that I felt free to ask, I took care of a dear aunt through a fearful fit of sickness. I remember once saying to the kind physician if I only had my mother's experience, so that I could know just what to do, and his reply was, "My child, you are getting it of your own." But this way of learning by experiment is a hard way for the nurse, and doubly hard for the invalid, and as since then I have taken care of a great many different ones, and with various diseases, learning by experience in each case, I have often thought how much I might have escaped for myself and saved for others if I could have been told just the right or easiest way of doing these things, and have often promised myself that I would write and tell it to others, hoping that it would help some young girl as much as it would have helped me then, and now, thanks to Mr. Arthur, I am trying to do it.

Now, breakfast being disposed of, if she has sat in her chair for it, move her gently near the pleasantest window in warm weather; in cold as near the fire as she chooses, and proceed to make the bed. If she sits up a good deal of the time there will be no trouble in getting the clothes well aired, but if she has taken her breakfast in bed, and sits up but little, that will alter the plan essentially. In that case let her rest awhile after eating, then get her carefully into her chair, over which in cold weather a thick quilt should be spread in such a way that it can be wrapped well round her after she is seated. In warm weather a blanket or large shawl is more convenient. Move her gently to the most comfortable place, and make the bed as quickly as possible. It is well in such cases to have two pairs of sheets and two sets of pillow-cases, using one one day, and the other the next, as in that way you are sure of their being well aired and sweet.

Some nurses think the sheets, pillows, and blankets must be put out of doors every day for a few moments, even in the depth of winter, unless it actually storms. If you do this, let me beg of you never to put them on to the bed until you have thoroughly warmed them again. Having experienced the terrible chill consequent upon being laid into bed with sheets and blankets brought right in from out-of-doors, in a stinging cold day in winter, by a kind nurse who thought she was doing just the right thing, I cannot but feel strongly on that subject. Though it was years ago, I can feel that "dreadful shiver" every time I think of it even now.

In my next, I will tell you about getting up dishes to tempt the appetite of our invalids.

SISTER CALLIE.

### SUCH A TRYING CHILD.

IF there is a crippled or afflicted child in the house, that one usually receives the largest share of sympathy and attention. If there is one who is awkward and odd, and always doing unsuitable things, that one is apt to be the standing joke of the household. No one pities the mental distortion that lies back of the acts; no one thinks much of the shrinking, sensitive spirit, wounded constantly by the shafts of ridicule or rebuke until life is a burden. No one knows the suffering such children endure, nor the soul-famine for some kindly word of love or approbation. Sometimes the spirit is tortured into sullenness or misanthropy, and then people say, "What an ugly disposition!"

It is a disposition which those who complain have done much to manufacture. Often, sadly enough, it is the mother's work that has done the wrong, more than any one else. The lame boy never needed her wisest care and most loving attention half as much as her awkward, unsuitable lad who was making such heavy draughts daily upon her patience.

Love and patience can work wonders in improving a most unpromising child. Steady reproof or ridicule only hardens the heart and creates a spirit of "I don't care," which shuts the door to all improvement. Sometimes a system of rewards, which are kept as a little secret between mother and her boy, will work like a charm. Such a

promise is a wonderful reminder to a forgetful child, and if wisely used there is little danger of any harm resulting. Love and hope are the two powerful motives on which to rely in the training of children.

Happy children are much more apt to do right than those who are constantly irritated and fretted. We know how it is with ourselves, and can hardly look for more self-command in the

little children, or at least we should not. If anything makes a child perverse, it is constantly "picking at him."

The greatest natural defects have been measurably overcome by great and loving painstaking, but it can never be done without first awakening a spirit of hopefulness in the heart. Praise rather than blame is the strongest stimulus.

OLIVE.

## Evenings with the Poets.

### FOREVER.

**T**HOSE we love truly never die,  
Though year by year the sad memorial wreath,  
A ring and flowers, types of life and death,  
Are laid upon their graves.

For death the pure life saves,  
And life all pure is love; and love can reach  
From heaven to earth, and nobler lessons teach  
Than those by mortals read.

Well blessed is he who has a dear one dead;  
A friend he has whose face will never change—  
A dear communion that will not grow strange;  
The anchor of a love is death.

The blessed sweetness of a loving breath  
Will reach our cheek all fresh through weary years.  
For her who died long since, ah! waste not tears,  
She's thine unto the end.

Thank God for one dear friend,  
With face still radiant with the light of truth,  
Whose love comes laden with the scent of youth,  
Through twenty years of death.

### SECURE.

**T**HE winds blow hard. What then?  
He holds them in the hollow of His hand;  
The furious blasts will sink when His command  
Bids them be calm again.

The night is dark. What then?  
To Him the darkness is as bright as day;  
At His command the shades will flee away,  
And all be light again.

The wave is deep. What then?  
For Israel's host the waters upright stood,  
And He whose power controlled that raging flood  
Still succors helpless men.

### SUMMER.

**A**PPLES in the orchard  
Mellowing one by one,  
Strawberries upturning  
Soft cheeks to the sun;  
Roses faint with sweetness,  
Lilies fair of face,  
Drowsy scents and murmurs  
Haunting every place;  
Lengths of golden sunshine,  
Moonlight bright as day,  
Don't you think that  
Summer's pleasanter than May?

T. B. ALDRICH.

### A MEMORY.

**A**N old-world country garden, where the hours  
Like winged sunbeams flash in glory by,  
And where the scent of strange, old-fashioned  
flowers

Brings back a tender, bygone memory.  
The walks are straight and patterned with white stone,  
And pacing there with reverential tread,  
I dream once more I hold within my own  
The soft, warm fingers of the child who's dead—  
The child whose dainty footsteps vied with mine,  
As we two chased the golden butterflies—  
The child who reveled in the bright sunshine  
And shrined her gladness in her laughing eyes!  
We used to linger in the long, soft grass,  
And when a sun-ray kissed her dimpled hand,  
We told each other 'twas a fairy pass  
To read the secrets of our Fairyland;  
And, holding safely in her radiant face  
That happy sparkle, we would run to peep  
If dewdrops trembled in the self-same place  
Or last night's bud had blossomed in its sleep.  
I throned her in my arms when tired of play,  
And whispered love-names in the baby ears:  
She made the glory of the summer day,  
My wee, liege lady of but five short years!  
And now? Small wonder that the roses lie  
In petal fragrance by the daisies' side;  
For sunshine vanished with her last soft sigh  
And skies are grayer since our darling died.

### A LATE ROSE.

**I** SENT a little maiden  
To pluck for me a rose,  
The sweetest and the fairest  
That in the garden grows—  
A blush-rose, proud and tender,  
Upon its stem so slender,  
Swaying in dreamy splendor,  
Where yellow sunshine glows.

Back came the little maiden,  
With drooping, downcast head,  
And slow, reluctant footsteps,  
And this to me she said:  
"I find no sweet blush-roses  
In all the garden closes;  
There are no summer roses—  
It must be they are dead!"

Then bent I to the maiden  
And touched her shining hair,—  
Dear heart! in all the garden  
Was nothing half so fair!  
"Nay!" said I, "let the roses  
Die in the garden closes,  
Whenever fate disposes,  
If I this rose may wear!"

JULIA C. R. DORR.

## Young Ladies' Department.

### HINTS TO LETTER-WRITERS.

**M**OST persons have to write letters, and it is desirable that in doing so attention should be paid to a number of details. There is no doubt that a well-written letter is often a great advantage to the sender, while it is always a pleasure to the receiver. The result is promoted by the proper choice of paper and envelopes, pens and ink. All these are so cheap and easily obtainable that there is seldom any excuse for the use of inferior materials, which are at once impediments to good writing and indications of neglect. The writer should endeavor to execute his penmanship in a free and legible hand, so as to be neither crabbed and inelegant, nor overloaded with flourishes. Some persons of distinction, we know, have been famous for their bad writing; and it is a fact that they have found it very difficult to read it themselves. We do not think there is a valid excuse for this sort of thing, and we are sure that it can be avoided by proper attention and practice. The opposite evil of fine writing, which covers a sheet of paper with fancy curves and luxuriant flourishes, is almost as much to be deprecated. A somewhat compact hand, with every letter defined, is the best for all purposes. It need not be formal and precise, without character, "like copper-plate," in order to be good; but it must be accurate and readable. Some people think it beneath them to dot an *i*, to cross a *t*, and to distinguish between such letters as *n* and *u*; but all who aspire to pleasing those they write to and getting a good name will be mindful of such matters. It may happen that the character of a young writer will be partly estimated by her regard to correctness in her letters, and we all know how much may depend on the estimate formed.

Spelling is a decided accomplishment and of even more importance than graceful penmanship. Therefore, let diligent heed be given to this and let every word be spelt as accurately as in a printed book.

When a letter is written in a scrawling and an irregular hand; when the lines are at uneven distances or not straight across the page; when the characters are ill-formed, the paper blotted, and the spelling bad, it has an air of decided vulgarity and negligence.

Persons who really ought to know better and who have had a good deal of instruction, sometimes fall into the error of using small letters where capitals are necessary. Thus, they will write a small *i*, when speaking of themselves, instead of using a capital *I*, and they will even begin proper names of persons and places with small letters, if they do not happen to begin a sentence.

There is another fault of which some are guilty, and it is to write a whole letter as if it were a single sentence. They run on from beginning to end, joining their words with *ifs*, *ands*, *buts*, and so forth, until their name at the conclusion winds up the whole. Of course, such persons never think of

their stops, and, indeed, the use of stops, or punctuation, is very commonly neglected in otherwise well-written letters. The number of persons who carefully mark the stops in their epistles is very small indeed. The reason—or, at any rate, one reason—is, that it is difficult to teach the rules for the use of stops in actual practice. Such as master the art in any respectable measure commonly owe it to reflection and habit.

Of all faults in letter-writing the most important to be avoided is bad grammar. Those who are not in the habit of writing much are very apt to blunder in their grammar, although well and correctly expressed sentences are among the chief excellencies of a letter. Everything should be said in as easy and natural a style as possible, without any attempt at quaintness and originality. A letter is not a fine oration, to be adorned with rhetorical flourishes; nor a poem, to be filled up with pompos and high-sounding phrases. The choice of words is very important. They should in no case be low and vulgar, and any approach to what is called "slang" is to be avoided most carefully. On the other hand, there must be no foolish ambition to use uncommon and pretentious words, the meanings of which have to be sought out in a dictionary. It is necessary to vary the style according to the persons addressed. To relatives and intimate acquaintances the style may be more lively, cheerful, and unrestrained. Playful and affectionate epithets can in such cases be properly introduced. When, however, one writes to superiors or strangers, all that is written should be in as calm and dignified a manner as can be adopted, provided only that the language be always simple and intelligible. We advise persons who keep a diary, or put down notes of occurrences, or write memoranda, to adopt the style in which they ought to write to strangers and superiors.

Now and then letters have to be addressed to persons of rank and title, or to others in speaking to whom society requires attention to certain formalities. There is an etiquette in these things, inattention to which is nothing but a breach of good manners. It is therefore very desirable that we should learn how to address persons of rank and title, and, in fact, everybody we write to. In addressing ordinary gentlemen it is enough to style them Sir, at the beginning and end of letters. If we have some knowledge of them, we may say Dear Sir; and if we are intimate with them we may say My dear Sir. A similar rule applies to ladies, who, under corresponding circumstances, are addressed as Madam, Dear Madam, or My dear Madam. It is a custom with some, who feel that they need not be quite so formal, to head and end their letters by saying My dear Mr. Jones, or Dear Mr. Jones. Nay, there are cases in which personal names can be employed, but prudence must dictate concerning these: they may safely be admitted in writing to brothers and sisters and cousins, and also in addressing playmates and school-fellows.

## Housekeepers' Department.

### ECONOMY.

**T**HE great lesson above all others to be learned in the present day is the good old homely one that wealth is to be found, not in the possession of a large income, but in the possession of a surplus after the income has been made to meet the necessary demands upon it. He who earns a hundred a year and spends ninety is really richer than he who earns two hundred and spends two hundred and ten. And it not unfrequently happens that where the resources of the household are judiciously husbanded, a relatively smaller income is found to yield more solid results than a larger one. Domestic comfort, in short, together with all the benign influences that flow therefrom—as health, good spirits, equability of temper, clearness of head, prudence in enterprise, happiness in the home circle, and the esteem of one's neighbors—centers in the practice of a wise economy, in the thoughtful and intelligent fitting of means to ends, so as to secure the most advantageous results at the lowest possible cost.

Management is the one thing needful in the household, and the effort in this department of the MAGAZINE will be to supply, in a plain, practical manner, information which otherwise must be ineffectively obtained by long and wearisome experience.

### RECIPES.

**SMOTHERED CHICKENS.**—Split the chickens down the back, flatten as for broiling, and then lay them smoothly in the bottom of a dripping-pan; add nearly a pint of boiling water, cover with another pan the same size, and place in a hot oven; cook an hour to an hour and a half or till thoroughly tender. Turn them once or twice and baste several times, oftener at the last. Cover between basting and remove from the pan when done. Then add a little boiling water to the drippings, thicken with browned flour, and boil up a moment. Pour the gravy over the chickens.

**GREEN PEAS.**—Green peas lose their sweetness very soon after they are gathered; they should, if possible, be cooked the same day. When perfectly fresh, the little stems are green and unshriveled. There is a great difference of flavor in the several varieties; among the early peas, the champion of England is the very best; among the later, the marrowfat is unexcelled. Having selected the best in the market, shell without washing them, and boil moderately thirty to forty minutes—if young, thirty minutes is long enough; have only a little more water than enough to cook them. If a dressing is wanted, evaporate most of the water remaining and add a spoonful or two of cream—you may thicken this, if you like, with a trifle of flour—then stir all together, simmer a moment, and take the pot from the fire. The thickened cream and the concentrated juice of the peas form a rich and excellent gravy. Some, however, prefer them boiled simply in water and eaten without further dressing than the liquor that remains after

cooking. Serve in sauce-dishes, passing the teaspoons.

**FRUIT PUDDING.**—One quart sweet milk, new, if you have it; one quart fine bread-crumbs, stale; two quarts berries, cherries, or other ripe fruit; one to three tablespoonfuls of sugar, according to tartness of fruit; pinch of soda, finely pulverized, in the milk; time, fifty minutes; slow oven. Bring the milk to a boil; then fill a pudding-dish with alternate layers of crumbs and fruit, beginning and ending with the crumbs. Sprinkle each layer of fruit lightly with the sugar, or, if fully ripe and not very tart, the sugar may be left out. The dish must not be too full. Pour the hot milk over the pudding, cover closely, and bake in a slow oven within a shallow pan of boiling water; it will require about fifty minutes. Serve warm or lukewarm, with mock cream, fruit sauce, or cream and sugar. Instead of small fruits, tart apples, finely sliced or chopped, may be used, and the pudding baked all of an hour.

**BAKED LAMB CHOPS.**—Dip the cutlets or chops, neatly trimmed, into a beaten egg, and then in cracker-dust; lay them in a hot skillet, and when one side is browned, turn and brown the other. Then have ready a small dripping-pan, slightly oiled and heated in a hot oven; lay the chops into it and bake quickly, having the oven very hot; they should be done in fifteen minutes. When taken out, add to the gravy in the dish a little boiling water, thicken a trifle with browned flour, heat a moment, and pour it over the meat.

**MINCED LAMB.**—Cut the cold meat from the bones, slice it very thin, and chop fine; then crack the bones, put them into a stew-pan with other rejected bits, or a chop left over, and cover with cold water; slice in an onion if you like it. Simmer about an hour, then strain the liquor, and thicken it a trifle with brown flour moistened with milk or cream. Return it to the pan, add the meat and a little cold chopped potato; cover closely and heat till very hot, stirring once or twice; the hash must not be too moist. Serve with dry toast or eggs and toast. If there are no bones to make the gravy, add a little cold gravy or meat-juice diluted with water, or half a cup of milk or cream, and thicken as before. Beef or mutton left over may be similarly prepared.

**ASPARAGUS TOAST WITH EGGS.**—Wash and scrape the asparagus, letting it lie a few minutes in cold water; then tie it in little bundles and boil till tender in water enough to cover. In the meantime prepare from stale, home-made Graham loaf a dish of toast, evenly browned, and set where it will keep warm. When the asparagus is done, drain off and save the water in which it boiled, and moisten the toast with it; do not make too wet. Then clip off the tender ends of the stalks, and lay them on the slices; break an egg over each, and place in a hot oven till the whites are firm.

ONE of the simplest and readiest ways of loosening a rusted screw is to apply heat to the head of the screw. A small bar or rod of iron, flat at

the end, if reddened in the fire and applied for two or three minutes to the head of the rusty screw, will, as soon as it heats the screw, render its withdrawal as easy by the screw driver as if it were only a recently inserted screw. As there is a kitchen poker in every house, that instrument, if heated at its extremity and applied for a few minutes to the head of the screw or screws, will do the work of loosening; an ordinary screw-driver will do the rest, without causing the least damage, trouble, or vexation of spirit. In all work above the common kind where it is necessary to use screws, and particularly in hinge work and mountings, fancy fastenings or appliances affixed to joinery or furniture work, we would advise the oiling of screws or the dipping of their points in grease before driving them. This will render them more easy to draw and also to withdraw, and it will undoubtedly retard for a longer time the action of rusting.

BOILED water should not be poured over tea trays, Japanned goods, etc., as it will make the varnish crack and peel off; have a sponge wet with warm water and a little soap, if the tray be very dirty, and rub it with a cloth; if it looks smeary, dust on a little flour, and then rub it with a cloth. If the tray gets marked take a piece of woolen cloth with a little sweet oil and rub on the marks.

WHEN the white pianoforte keys become discolored, we should remove the front door, fall, and slip of wood just over them; then lift up each key separately from the front—do not take them out—and rub the keys with a white cloth slightly dampened with cold water, and dry off with a cloth slightly warm. Should the keys be sticky, first damp the cloth with a little spirit of wine or gin. Soap or washing-powder must not be used. It is worth while keeping a supply of ammonia in the household, in case we wish to remove finger marks from paint, or require to cleanse brushes or greasy pans.

To remove stains on spoons, caused by boiled eggs, rub with common salt.

**SWEEPING AND DUSTING.**—Before sweeping a room remove all light articles of furniture out of the way and cover up those which would be spoiled by dust. Draw back the window-curtains and pin them up as high as you can reach. Open the windows a few inches top and bottom, and close the door. Turn the front of picture-frames to the wall, hang a sweeping-sheet over looking glass frames, mirrors, etc. Then sprinkle tea-leaves—drained, but not dry—all over the carpet, especially in the corners. Sweep all carpets the way of the pile, whether it be in one direction or in another. If the fireplace is in use, all the ashes should be removed from the grate before sweeping the carpet. Whilst the dust settles, clean the grate. Having done so, tie a soft, clean cloth over a broom and sweep the cornice and ceiling, also the walls. A turk's-head broom answers better for this purpose, if you have one. In like manner, sweep the curtain-poles, hangings, etc. In the absence of tea-leaves, some pieces of coarse brown paper, moistened with clean water, will answer the purpose. Without something of the kind, you simply drive the dust from one part of the room to another.

**DUSTING.**—Remove all articles from the place to be dusted and do not wipe round them. Put everything back in its place. Wipe glass and china ornaments with a fine, soft cloth. White dusters are best for chintz furniture. A small feather broom should be used for raised china and gilt work. Never wipe picture-frames with a duster. Carved woodwork should be dusted with a short-haired furniture-brush, which likewise polishes. Pianoforte keys should be dusted with an old silk pocket-handkerchief, kept for the purpose.

**SCRUBBING.**—Neglected boards will not come clean without extra pains. If of a very bad color, a mixture of three parts of powdered pipeclay with one of chloride of lime, about the thickness of cream, will be useful. This should be laid on to dry in some time before scrubbing; or some white sand laid on the brush when scrubbing will remove the dirt. Well kept boards, especially in country houses, require nothing but cold water. Soap and soda in hot water make boards black. In scrubbing, only arm's length should be wetted at the time, taking care that the flannel is wrung each time dry of the soiled water.

**TO CLEAN MARBLE.**—Ordinary cleansing of marble may be done by simply washing the surface with warm soap and water, polishing afterward with a fine, dry cloth or leather. Stained and much soiled marble may be much improved by boiling equal parts of soft soap and powdered whitening, say four ounces of each, with one ounce of soda. When thoroughly blended, lay the mixture on while hot, and let it remain for a day or so. Afterward wash off with clean water, and dry with a leather.

**TO WASH GLASS.**—Cold water, in which a small quantity of soda has been dissolved, is the best mode of washing tumblers, wine glasses, etc. They should afterward be turned down to drain, and then be polished with a soft, dry cloth. The same plan applies to chandelier glasses. If the dust is much worked into ground glass, a soft nail-brush should be used, polishing afterward with a wash leather. Potato parings, sometimes recommended, may scratch the glass. A wash-leather is the best thing for washing and drying looking glasses.

**TO CLEAN OIL-CLOTH.**—Scrubbing oil-cloth with soda and soap is a destructive process, and there is no necessity for doing so if ordinary care be used to keep the oil cloth clean by daily sweeping and dusting. If any spots appear they are easily removed by rubbing with a little oil laid on with flannel. When it is necessary to wash oil-cloth it should be gone over with a flannel moistened with milk. If the latter is not easily to be had a small quantity of olive oil added to weak beer will answer. This should be rubbed in with a flannel, a small space at a time, and dried with a wash leather.

**TO CLEAN PAPER-HANGINGS.**—A split stale loaf rubbed over the walls with a circular movement is the cheapest and best plan.

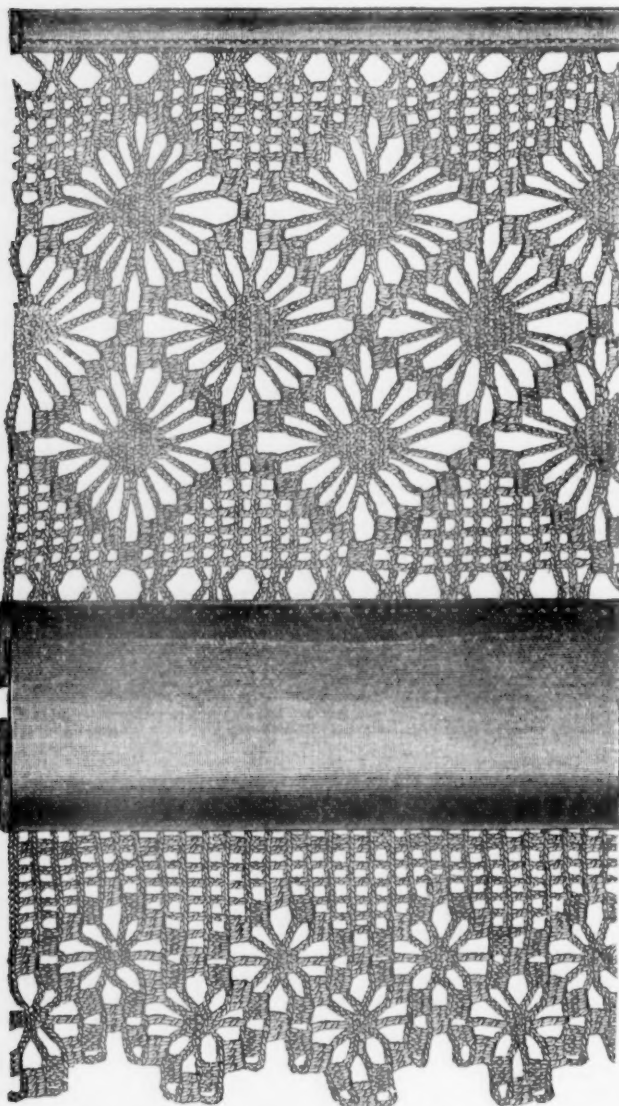
**TO CLEAN STONE STEPS.**—A mixture of powdered pipe-clay, soap lees, and unslaked lime will remove all grease spots if left to dry on. The mixture should afterward be washed off in the ordinary way.



## Home Decoration and Fancy Needlework.

**Crochet Trimming for Aprons, Dresses, etc.**—Lace and insertion like the section here seen, are to be worked with 6eru cotton and united by a band of

in an opposite direction, and that the three chain crocheted instead of one double at the beginning and end of each row going backward, as also the last double in the row going forward are concealed when the band is sewn on.



CROCHET TRIMMING for Aprons, Dresses, etc. Used for Apron,

dark-blue sateen or other stuff. The crochet is made entirely in the width and can easily be executed after the illustration. We would only beg our readers to observe that the stitches on the insertion and lace run

11th Round: One double into a stitch, eleven chain, pass over eight stitches, and repeat all round.

12th Round: One double into the second, third, fourth, and fifth of eleven chain, three into the next,

**Crochet: Rosette.**—Commence in the centre with eight chain, join round.

1st Round: One double into a stitch, three into the next. Repeat from the beginning of the round three times more.

2d to 4th Rounds: One double into each stitch except at the corners; in these work three stitches.

5th Round: One double into each of five stitches, seven chain, pass over three stitches, one double into each of five stitches, three doubles into the next. Repeat from the beginning of the round three times more.

6th Round: One double into each of four doubles, seven chain, one double into centre of seven chain, seven chain, one double into each of next four doubles, three doubles into the next. Repeat from the beginning of the row.

7th Round: One double into each of four stitches, seven chain, one double into centre of seven chain of last round, seven chain, one double into centre of next seven chain, seven chain, pass over one double, one double into each of four next stitches, and three into the next. Repeat from the beginning of the round three times more.

8th Round: One double into each of four doubles, \* seven chain, one double into centre of seven chain, repeat from \* twice more, seven chain, pass over one double, one double into each of four next doubles, and three into the next. Repeat from the beginning of the round three times more. Break off the cotton and fasten it at the back of the work.

9th Round: One treble into centre of nine doubles, \* five chain, one treble into centre of seven chain, repeat from \* three times more, five chain. Repeat from the beginning of the round three times more.

10th Round: One treble into a stitch, two chain, pass over one stitch, and repeat all round.

one into each of the next four stitches. Repeat from the beginning of the round.

13th Round: One double between two vandykes of last round, four chain, two trebles separated by five chain into point of vandyke, four chain. Repeat from the beginning of the round.

14th Round: One double into the second of four chain, one double into each of the next five stitches, three doubles into the next, and one into each of the seven next stitches. Repeat from the beginning of the round.



CHILD'S CUFF.

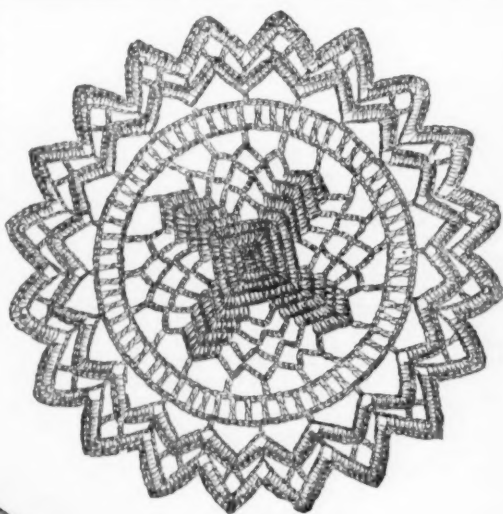


CHILD'S COLLAR.

**Child's Cuff and Collar.**—The centre of the collar and cuff is of linen with a narrow insertion of embroidery; the edges are trimmed with embroidered muslin of a wide width.

**Home-made Decorations.**—In houses where pictures are scarce the walls often look bald, especially if covered with a light-colored paper. Brackets are a great help to the housewife in getting rid of this suggestion of baldness. Any carpenter will make deal brackets to a given shape, and it is easy work to cover the board and make a valance for it. The consideration of what material is best to use, and what should be the color, and in what style the ornamentation should be carried out, are the main points on which success depends. Virginia creeper leaves look well on white, gray, and black grounds, and they are well adapted for the valance either of mantel boards or of brackets; they can be massed together in bunches, or applied as a bordering, and are equally effective in both styles.

A charming screen can be made as follows: A length of satin, of a delicate gray tint, is worked with shaded chenille. The design may be formed of flowers alone, or birds may be introduced. In one we have seen the design consists of water-plants; exquisitely tinted flag, tall bullrushes of a red-brown hue, and various grasses are lightly arranged so as to leave much of the satin ground visible; a kingfisher, with its brilliant blue plumage, settles on some of the lower foliage, whilst his mate hovers above. The lovely blue feathers of the birds give the color that is requisite to throw up the rest of the piece; while darting



CROCHET: ROSETTE.

across the top of the panel is a dragon-fly. Various pieces of work could be carried out in shaded chenille, and the soft tints are suited to articles to be placed in a drawing room. Banner screens, hand-screens, work bags, tea-cozies, may all be ornamented successfully in this manner. A tea-cozy may have a spray of wild roses branching across one side, on the other a few leaves rich in autumnal tints of gold, red, and brown. The

cozies are made smaller than they used to be, which is certainly an improvement. If large, they take up too much room on the occasional tables used for five o'clock tea and look rather clumsy; but when tastefully made and well-worked or painted, they add too, rather than detract from, the pretty appearance of this fashionable and sociable repast.

An embroidered tea-cloth is a *sine qua non*, as many folks think. It may be either embroidered all over in a set pattern or merely bordered with crewel-work. Yellow jasmine or pink convolvulus are suitable for the latter purpose; they give sufficient color without contrasting too strongly with the white ground. Vivid colors are objectionable, as the china generally affords all that is necessary; and we must study to have our cloth decorations harmonize with our cups and saucers, so that we may secure a good tone of color throughout. On entering a room the tea-table, although it does not, as formerly, occupy the centre of the floor, is yet an object that invites attention, and we shall not be throwing away our time if we make it as attractive as we possibly can.

The finest art of decorating is not to spend the most money or make a show with the least, but to make what money you spend do the very best it can. It does not matter how much or how little you have to lay out if you have the judgment to lay it out in the right way.

Ivy may be successfully grown in a fancy vase or glass jar set on a dressing bureau and the vine twined round the borders of the glass. It will thrive and make a handsome show in a light room without sunshine directly upon it. The vase should be filled with clean white sand, kept saturated with water.

Home-made rag rugs are becoming popular. They are made by drawing rags through a body of coarse canvas and clipping to an even surface when the body is covered. The most delightful harmonies of color are possible in these modest contrivances, as any one who has ever been in the best room of a Maine farmhouse will testify. A rag rug, backed with stout canvas and well sewed at the edges, will last as nearly forever as most works of human hands, and will grow more agreeable to the eye with age.

Square table-cloths are now put on with the pointed corners at the sides of the table, and not, as formerly, at the four legs. Handsome cloths of jute plush, in Oriental designs outlined with gold thread, can now be procured as low as five dollars each.

Lamp shades are as much in request as ever. In every well-appointed parlor, lamps, softened by red or canary-colored silk shades, stand on tables in the corners or amidst the tall, large-leaved plants now so fashionable. Some lamps have as a support a stuffed bird—the ibis—with rich red plumage. The lamp itself is so arranged as to take out of its feathered stand, and so prevent any chance of damage in cleaning. Large bees, made of black and yellow tissue paper over wire, are the latest ornaments for lamp shades.

When first starting out in the work of home-making, in buying furniture, carpets, and curtains, remember that the truest economy is to buy only good articles. Do with less, if need be, but do not purchase unsubstantial things because they cost less money.

Good taste never permits itself to be ruled by fashion. If your house pleases you, you can afford to laugh at Mrs. Grundy. The very best fashion ever invented is that which intelligence invents to gratify itself.

Avoid superfluity and extravagance in decorating. No matter how beautiful the details may be, it is possible to get too much of them. Enough is far better than a feast, and too little is even preferable to too much.

Never leave a picture badly hung or an object of ornament badly placed, because it looks good enough.

Things never look good enough till they cannot be bettered, and the better they are placed the more completely will you be able to realize their value.

## ART NOTES.

Papier mache plaques, for decorating, are now manufactured with continuous frames, these frames being square, the whole representing a plate set in an ornamental frame. After the plaque is decorated, the frame may be painted a plain color, gilded, silvered, bronzed, or covered with velvet or plush.

Flitter painting is one of the latest crazes. It is allied to lustra painting, but instead of bronze powders, gold and silver dust are used. Mixed with lustra colors, flitter painting produces a fine effect. The name, *flitter*, literally means *glitter*, being an old Saxon word of the same signification.

India mull is one of the daintiest, airiest fabrics now used as a material for art-embroidery. It often takes the form of chair or sofa scarfs, which are arranged upon articles of furniture in large bows with loops and ends, like delicate cravats or sashes. The decorations upon these fairy scarfs are generally light and graceful, of few tints, as clovers and grasses, the figures being outlined with gold thread.

A popular wall-ornament consists of a fan covered with tissue-paper cut into fringe and arranged upon the fan in circular rows, giving a mossy effect, while in the centre is pinned a bunch of paper flowers. A bow of satin ribbon is then tied round the handle. Behind this ornamental fan may be concealed a useful pocket. A pretty creation of this order is of pale blue paper fringe, with pale pink roses, and tied with pink ribbon.

Lincrusta-Walton is already known to our readers as a variety of wall paper, having raised figures to imitate embossed leather. These figures, when painted with metallic powders, suggested ornamental bronze work. The lincrusta, in this form, is used, not only for wall-coverings, but also for hangings, lambrequins, and the like. A new species of lincrusta is known as crepe, or artists' lincrusta. This is particularly suitable for painting in either oils or water-colors.

## Fashion Department.

### FASHION NOTES.

**Braid-trimmed costumes,** as noted in our last, are the leading street dresses for spring and early summer. The favorite braid for trimming is at present gilt or silver. Rows of braid are also imitated directly upon the cloth of a costume by bands of feather stitch, embroidered with coarse gold or silver thread.

**Lace-trimmed Costumes.**—Because the braid-trimmed and tailor-made costumes are so plain in appearance, it does not follow that other costumes are correspondingly plain. Far from it. Some of the new woolen materials, as *Gibert* and *Khayyam* cloths, are exceedingly gay both in figure and color. These brilliant woolen fabrics are lavishly trimmed with lace of an fern or coffee tint, or of a shade to match the ground of a figured or parti-colored cloth. These woolen laces are finer than the old-fashioned yak laces, and are sometimes run with gold or silver threads. Lace of all kinds is used to excess this season, and elegant lace-trimmed costumes, once con-

sidered only fit for the ball-room, are now often seen upon the street. Thus, a garnet silk, with *fichu* and long ends forming an apron of cream Spanish lace, would not be remarked as conspicuous in the public promenade. Colored silks are literally loaded with frills and cascades of Spanish, Languedoc, or other real or imitation white or fern laces. Black silks are similarly loaded with black Spanish, guipure, or *escorial* laces. White costumes are heavy with lace-like embroideries or *Oriental* or *Valenciennes* laces. Even cambrics and satens have a new colored cotton lace invented for their special benefit. Besides which, the black lace dresses upon silk foundations, lately described, still hold sway for evening wear.

**Buttons.**—Plain cloth costumes when not trimmed with braid depend for much of their elegant effect upon rows of ornamental buttons. A row of buttons arranged diagonally down each side of a skirt front may outline revers opening over a cluster of perpendicular plaits; similarly, buttons upon the basque may imitate a jacket opening over a plaited vest. These buttons and platings may be the only trimming. Buttons generally are smaller than formerly,

and are often billet-shaped, covered with a silken or woolen netting to match a costume. Other buttons are of fancy steel, gilt, silver, or pearl.

Tulle, black or white, is the favorite material for evening dresses. It is usually trimmed with bands of colored silk embroidery, executed directly upon the tulle. With it is worn a bunch of natural flowers like those embroidered, the object being to have art as nearly as possible rivaling nature. Thus, at a recent ball, a lady wore a black tulle costume embroidered with red roses, and wore in her corsage and carried in her hand bouquets of roses of the same color. Another lady wore a tulle dress embroidered with pansies and ornamented with natural pansies.

Applique figures, such as those used in place of embroidery upon small decorative articles, are now employed to adorn dresses. Thus, a young lady unskilled in embroidery, and desiring to freshen a dark silk costume, may beautify a collar, vest, pair of cuffs, and tablier with appliqué pansies, butterflies, or rosebuds.

The Langtry Polonoise is a long redingote, similar to the plain ones lately worn, but it is, if possible, still plainer, and reaches entirely to the hem of the dress, so that not a vestige of the skirt can be seen.

Jerseys are now shown with vests of a different color from the Jersey itself, but trimmed with the same braid.

**White Dresses.**—The favorite white dress this season will be of white nun's-veiling or other woolen material, trimmed simply with rows of tucks. White lawns or cambrics will be trimmed with many rows of tucking or with wide lace or Hamburg edging. Some of the new laces and Hamburgs are wide enough for flounces or even entire skirts.

**Gloves.**—The long, tan-colored, undressed kid gloves, or gants de Suede, are as fashionable as ever. Long gloves for evening are fastened upon the arm with small straps and buckles. A new conceit is to embroider the wearer's initials upon the back of the glove. Lace gloves and mitts are novelties for evening wear.

**Flowers.**—In natural flowers the favorites at present are violets, heliotropes, and any yellow flowers. All of these are worn for corsage or buttonhole bouquets. In artificial flowers the same taste for purple and yellow is shown, but to yellow may be added red or orange.

**New Colors.**—Among the new colors are "drake's neck," resembling peacock green; "ardoise," a slate-gray; "ours," a cinnamon-brown, literally the color of the cinnamon bear; and "Alderney," a rich, creamy hue, like Jersey cattle.

**Parasols** are generally in light, delicate colors, literally swathed in foamy laces. They are useful, however, in being quite large.

## New Publications.

**MIND READING AND BEYOND.** By William A. Hovey. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price, \$1.25. In the spring of 1882, some of the leading scientific minds in England, including Professor Henry Sidgwick, of Trinity College; the Bishop of Carlisle; Professor Lord Rayleigh, of Cambridge; Professor Balfour Stewart, of Owen's College; William Crookes, Alfred R. Wallace, and Professor W. F. Barrett, of the Royal College of Science, Dublin, met and organized the Society for Psychical Research. In a published circular it set forth as its professed aims and objects: To examine the nature and extent of any influence which may be exerted by one mind upon another, apart from any recognized mode of perception, the study of hypnotism, mesmeric trance, clairvoyance, and allied phenomena; a careful investigation of data regarding apparitions, and an inquiry into the phenomena commonly called Spiritual. Mr. Hovey's book, for the most part, is a brief of the published proceedings of this Society, and sets forth at length some of the experiments that have been carried on under the supervision of the members. For the remainder, the editor makes his statements very clearly and summarizes in the last chapter the progress made in psychical research in a very interesting and satisfactory manner. While the title of the book is good in many respects, it is unfortunate in one way. Mind-reading and mind-readers, to the greatest number of people, are associated mentally with humbug and charlatanism of every kind, and we incline to the view that many more readers will be apt to turn aside the book than pick it up, because of its title. This would be a misfortune; for the whole purpose of the Society, with the doings of which the book is chiefly concerned, is to expose fraud and to give to people who are anxious to know the facts as to alleged "mind-reading" some accurate and intelligible data. If it is granted that the gentlemen who compose this Society are honest and trustworthy—and there is here no room for question—then it must be conceded by every fair-minded person that there is in "thought transference" a phenomenal power, as to the media of which we know next to

nothing but of which we may safely affirm an existence. The record of failures, as well as of successes; the apparently effective manner in which precautions against collusion were made; the curiosity and surprise shown by some subjects of experiment who had no pecuniary interest in the tests—all go to show how fairly and disinterestedly the committees worked, and surely establishes the fact of mental communication between sensitive minds without the use of the ordinary senses. We say ordinary senses, because this mental perception appears to be another and an extraordinary sense, the existence of which is now in course of proof. Want of space forbids a more extended notice of the contents of the book, but we can assure any of our readers who have "views" upon the subject that they will be behind the times if they are not possessed of its contents. It is not the least of the matter that men, women, and children can carry on at home series of experiments that may become very valuable. We hope to see some day an American Society for Psychical Research.

**JAN VEDDER'S WIFE.** By Amelia E. Barr. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. This is a well-written story, descriptive of life among Shetland fishers. The characters are well drawn, and the old-fashioned Norse tempers which they inherited from their ancestors are quite refreshing to read of in these days of easy-going people. However, the temper of Jan's wife was a little too high, and was the cause of their separation, during which Jan entered the Royal Navy and soon became a Captain. After an absence of some years he returns to his home and is received with open arms by his wife, who has sincerely repented her unkindness to him. The plot is good and the interest is well sustained.

**IN THE TENNESSEE MOUNTAINS.** By Charles Egbert Craddock. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.25. This is a charming volume of eight short stories, as fresh and original in the field of domestic literature as were the first stories of Bret Harte. The volume of which we make note is of an eighth edition,







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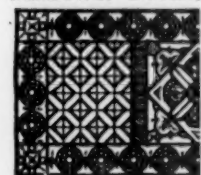
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## LATE ADVANCES IN SCIENCE.

In a telegraph office in Pittsburgh, ten years ago, one of the most intelligent and skillful of American electricians was the centre of a group of astonished spectators at an experiment in the advance in the use of the electric current. Four different messages, coming simultaneously over one wire, were recorded on four separate slips of paper. All looked to him for an expression of the result of the experiment. He took up the printed messages, and after reading them aloud, one after another, he said: "I thought I knew something of electricity; but, in view of this wonderful feat, I must now declare that I know simply nothing." He appreciated the fact that what he had previously learned was as nothing to what was before him and what was yet to be learned. Such scientific men are not hasty to condemn the statements of other inquirers into the powers of the elements in nature.

In the wonderful developments of these ten years, the perfecting of the telephone and the electric light have shown the wisdom in the electrician's utterance. The storage and transporting in reservoirs of electricity as a power for use at a distance from the point of production is another advance not yet fully developed; but partial success has been attained. Thoughtful men have been led, in view of the experiments in this direction, to ask if it might not prove to be possible yet to store and transport any other element as well.

One of these lines of experiment has been carefully followed to accomplish the storage and transportation of oxygen as an appliance in the healing art. Men of scientific acquirements have long been convinced that it would be valuable, and a thousand experiments have been entered upon with this object in view. Some of these have approached very near success, and some of the stories told of them have been as interesting as those of the old alchemists.

People have been, for a long time, reading these stories of experiments and wondering if one of these days they should not find this problem solved, and now the question arises whether, in view of the evidence in the pages of a little paper published in Philadelphia once in three months, with the title of "*Health and Life*," success has not already been achieved. If these statements are reliable, then oxygen (compounded with other elements) is being stored, it is capable of transportation, and it heals! Just as Delaney was the other day awarded the gold medal for pre-eminence in his incomparable instrument for duplex telegraphing, so to Drs. Starkey & Palen, of Philadelphia, is being awarded the verdict of pre-eminent success in this great discovery and the utilizing it in the cures of various forms of disease.

From patients cured by the use of this Compound Oxygen, stored in portable reservoirs, and transported by express to their homes, we have evidence of cures of various diseases, among which are asthma, catarrh, bronchitis, consumption, dyspepsia, hay fever, sick headache, and the ailments

under the general title of nervous prostration and debility. The effect of the inhalation of the Oxygen, is to gradually build up and invigorate the system, enabling it to eliminate disease and then resist further attacks.

The little paper above mentioned is published once in three months, and in the last number, dated April, 1885, are printed letters from Alabama, Australia, Canada, Connecticut, Florida, Georgia, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Mississippi, Michigan, Missouri, New York, New Jersey, Ohio, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Vermont, Virginia, and Wisconsin.

Among the writers of the letters in these papers of various dates we find the names of authors, editors, judges, physicians, clergymen; lecturers like Mrs. Livermore and Edward L. Wilson; business men like C. C. Cady, of Cady's Commercial College, in New York; Mr. Alonzo Clark, head salesman of a large business house, also in New York; Mr. Arthur Hagan, Mr. George W. Edwards, Mr. W. H. Whiteley and Mr. Frank Siddall, of Philadelphia, and Hon. William D. Kelley, who for twenty-four years has represented a Philadelphia district in Congress. These are such witnesses as would be gladly welcomed in establishing the truth of any cause.

Some of the expressions used are very striking. One reads:

"I consider that in its discovery there has been given to the world something as valuable and as notable as Jenner gave it in the discovery of vaccination."

Another, one of the editors, says:

"It is a vitalizer and a restorer, and to it I owe my life."

Another:

"Compound Oxygen has brought me back to the condition of health in which you see me now, after the physician had told me that I must die."

Another:

"In eleven days he threw away his crutches, walked down town, and did his own marketing."

Another:

"For years I had been steadily losing ground, and I regarded my career in authorship at an end. My attention was attracted to Compound Oxygen. My strength slowly but steadily increased. In a few months I was able to resume my pen. I am now seventy-five years old, and am able to do from three to four hours' literary work every day without exhausting my strength. And for this ability I am indebted to Compound Oxygen."

Another:

"I was by rheumatism reduced almost to a skeleton. I began Compound Oxygen with hardly a hope of success, but I am no longer an invalid in any respect. Rheumatism is gone long ago."

Another:

"I was able to preach last Sunday, for the first time in four years, and without any unpleasant results. I think this speaks a good deal for Compound Oxygen."

Another:

"In less than two weeks I was like new person."

Another:

"My lungs were seriously impaired, and my body was greatly emaciated. In three or four months I was a new woman. It was a great astonishment, as well as delight, to find how rapid was the improvement, and the improvement was permanent."

Another:

"A wreck from paralysis, and a fearful sufferer from neuralgia, secured complete restoration to health through the use of Compound Oxygen."

In addition to *Health and Life*, Drs. Starkey & Palen, whose address is Nos. 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, publish in pamphlet form the detailed statements made by Hon. WM. D. KELLEY, a Member of Congress; JUDGE JOS. R. FLANDERS, of New York city, for many years the law partner of Hon. W. A. Wheeler, formerly Vice-President of the United States; the late T. S. ARTHUR (who never tired of declaring that Compound Oxygen had prolonged his life at least ten years); MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE, of Melrose, Mass., the popular and widely known Lecturer; CHAS. W. CUSHING, D. D., Pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Rochester, N. Y. Also, a treatise of 188 pages, entitled "*Compound Oxygen, Its Mode of Action and Results*." These they mail free to any address on application. All are interesting reading.